
A
Ministerial Misfit;

...OR...

THE BIOGRAPHY OF
Rev. Timothy Tanglefoot,



—BY—

ISAIAH VILLARS, D. D.

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ISAIAH VILLARS, D. D.

*Author of "The Gatling Gun;" "Irrepressible Conflict in
Politics;" "The Resurrection Life, or Beyond
the Grave Examined;" Etc.*



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ANNOUNCEMENT.

Rev. Joseph F. Berry, D. D., editor of *The Epworth Herald*, and general secretary of the Epworth League, says of this volume:

“On one of my railroad journeys in the West, I was greatly entertained by reading the manuscript which is the foundation of this book. Dr. Villars uses a stylus of steel. It has a point which has not been worn down by the many years of service it has seen. Many of the pen portraits which are presented are very true to life. The volume contains a vast amount of truth, although it may seem a little severe to some people whom it hits. One thing is certain, nobody will go to sleep over the pithy pages. ‘Timothy Tanglefoot’ may be found in every section of every state. I have seen him myself. His heart is better than his head, as I think Dr. Villars here practically admits. It is a fine thing to have a good heart and a good head, but if I can have but one, I would rather have the heart.”

Dr. Villars is not a stranger to the book world, but as an author, as well as speaker, his name is familiar in Illinois in particular and all over the West in general.

He has been heard of, and from, "down East." He is of a family of stalwart yeomanry that leveled the forests of the more Eastern States, and laid the foundation of our Republic. Born on a farm and reared to toil in his young manhood, he is constitutionally in sympathy with all such, and especially with the class that heard the Great Teacher gladly, "the common people." His education was of the common schools until seventeen years of age, when his father sent him to the "Friends' Seminary," at Clarksville, Ohio, considered a superior school then, but if still standing, probably used for a private residence. He married a school teacher, who facilitated his reading. When but ten years of age he was fond of books, and of the best. After three years in the Union army he entered the ministry, at the age of twenty-seven. In his first political affiliation he was a Freesoiler, and fully imbibed the convictions of his Methodist parentage and Friend Quaker education on the necessity of the inseparableness of moral and political principles. He has never wavered from this. His helpmate strengthened him in these convictions, and in face of numerous criticisms, some of which were fierce, and others friendly, he maintained the apostolic attitude, "none of these things move me." The De Pauw University gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was unanimously elected President of the McKendree Col-

lege, which he served for two years. His lectures and articles on reform are numbered by whatever phase of the subject is, for the moment, needed. He wrote a volume of over four hundred pages, on the future life; lectures on various popular subjects; also on such scientific subjects as "The Word-made World," "The God-made Man," "The Six Days Creation," "Evolution" and "Christian Science Scientifically Unchristian."

His addresses are spiced with incidents both serious and humorous, and never foolish. A correspondent of the *Connersville (Ind.) News*, one who differed from Dr. Villars in his views, wrote:

"He is evidently a gentleman of liberal culture and fine scholarship, and his addresses throughout were marked by careful thought and cogent reasoning. While he is very positive and advanced in his ideas, * * yet his spirit and temper in discussion of his subject were marked throughout by everything that was dignified, gentlemanly and courteous. He illustrated how a man may disagree with you without being disagreeable. His humor was abundant and sparkling."

Dr. Villars speaks and writes in vigorous English, which he says is better than the "unknown tongue" of too many modern teachers. He does not darken counsel by words without knowledge. He will be easily understood.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

By way of explanation the author of this story wishes to say, that, being a Methodist minister, and more familiar with the ecclesiastical economy of his church than any other, he takes hold of a character that came under his observation several years ago that answered to the type set forth in this story, and transferred him to the itinerant workings of the Methodist economy, that he might the more easily develope the case of Timothy. But since the story was begun his ideal need not have been imported, for others have made their appearance, until every fold may be said to have its "Timothy Tanglefoot." The ordination of Peleg Longnecker, or rather the account of it, is not the author's production, for he knows less of the intricacies of "high church" ritualism than anything else professedly churchly, and therefore took a fulsome newspaper account of another ordination, supposed to be correct, and with adaptations, used it in this biography.

Reference to "The Church of the Great Pretention" has nothing to do as a reflection upon any ecclesiasticism that lays exclusive claim to being the true and only church of Christ. To begin with, we regard the great precedents upon which some of these churches are founded worthy of all honor. Thus we hope the "take off" on "Dr. Highlander" will not be received as of general ap-

plication, but a gentle portrayal of pretentiousness that ministerial brethren of his own persuasion will be glad to drop a little. He is as exceptional in the ministry he represents as our "Timothy" is among his Methodist ministerial brethren.

Likewise "The Church of the Redeemer" remains a Methodist congregation, but "The Church of the Great Pretention," it will be observed, is not an over-wrought picture of the diocese and its prelate presiding over it, for the "high church pretentiousness" that now and then glories in its display, never leads one to a suspicion that the apostles of Jesus Christ were ever guilty of such a farce as is set forth in the "ordination" of Peleg Longnecker. By the way, if you desire to find Peleg, you must look for him somewhere east of Chicago.

This is not a temperance story, as its title might suggest to some who speak of an intoxicated person as having too much "tanglefoot." Our Timothy had too much of another sort—not of the liquid kind.

This is a plain, unvarnished story. It was intended to be so. One said to the writer, "Anybody will know a *preacher* wrote it." Thanks. "Make, make your mark," is a song we some times sing. Every man, learned or unlearned, "makes his mark." Hence God set a "mark" on Cain. No less does he set a "mark" upon them that sigh and do cry for all the abominations of Israel.

He also "marks" them who do not worship the beast. Therefore is the "preacher" known by his "mark" in a story like this.

This is not a "love at first sight" story. Not even a duel is fought in these pages. There is one clear case of suicide. It need not have been. There are many things this book is not; and therefore, not much of a book, some will say. Its English is of the plain sort. There are not many of Timothy Tanglefoot's kind, but for all that they are too numerous, and *too conspicuous*.

A sport should never be found in a Christian pulpit. Nor should he be tolerated in a church choir. That particular character was unknown among the apostles, and is therefore not of *apostolic succession*.

The church and its ministry need to read up on ministerial fidelity as portrayed by both precept and example in the Scriptures. This is the standard for which this story contends.

The world will fling its standards at the feet of the church, and insist on acceptance.

PREFACE.

The Bible insists on no *policy*, but it does command a *consistent relation* to evil. The eighteenth chapter of first book of Kings, is very interesting reading. We learn much from Elijah about our *relation* to things. Nebuchadnezzar erected a gold standard for people, nations and languages, and at his beck and nod all should fall down and worship it, and he would make it hot for those who refused. (Daniel iii: 1-31). In Acts xix: 21-41, the silver "image" and standard opposed the gospel. Diana of the Ephesians was the goddess of drink. She was covered with nipples breasts, and Demetrius declared their craft had their wealth by supporting that shrine. Revenue! Revenue! Revenue! "Our *business* first," they cried. In Babylon the gold standard must seize the golden goblets from the house of God for drinking purposes, too. *Men demand by these standards that if the church will not help the world's debauch, she must not hinder it.* There is, in this, nothing new under the sun. The same question of fidelity to God and righteousness is ever with us.

"Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and *Satan came also among them.*" Was there ever a day when Satan did not insist on putting in an appearance with the sons of God? If he is to be deprived of this presence he must be *resisted*. If he cannot walk right into the religious assembly in the temple of God, he will use *devices* of which we are not ignorant. The "god of this world" stands in Satan's stead. A camp-meeting Association issues its "annual," and on one page the Presiding Elder makes his appeal in Christ's words, "Ho! everyone that thirsteth; come ye to the waters;" and on the opposite page "Hire's Root Beer" is heralded as the most refreshing beverage.

The Epworth League and Christian Endeavor become great forces in the churches. The piano and organ factory at once puts a saddle on them and rides them at a 2:40 gait. Once upon a time a plow factory received the endorsement of an ecclesiastic, and people bought. The firm afterward "broke." Railroads toss "international conventions" of all sorts of religious doings, like foot balls, from one side of the continent to the other, "for the good of the cause only." Endorsements of pastors and distinguished laymen are sought for all sorts of "joint stock companies," baiting liberal "investments" by preachers and people.

Our loyalty to the church is all but challenged if we do not take stock in "a church insurance company," though a retrospect of such shows an exceedingly long funeral procession. Though bankruptcy or disintegration has attended every "community" from the time when the disciples "had all things common," "neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own," down to date, still well-meaning people in some instances, and sharks in most instances, venture upon the mormonistic idea of the union of the church with secularism. Even Levi Benjamin's fans with ad. of the "Cheapest shoe store on earth," are in the rack with hymnal, and while worshiper sings:

How beauteous are their *feet*
Who stand on Zion's hill,"

the "feet" will be greatly beautified by Levi Benjamin's fitting. •

The reader may infer that our story is not in harmony with the trend of the religious age in certain respects. One distinguished man calls attention to the fact that the worship of the "golden calf" in God's Israel is taking on a new role, that of the worship of the "kid." The "kids" have grown jealous of the "calf." In a ministerial body holding an annual session in Claybank City, an association was sought to be organized for the mutual benefit of the "kids" of the conference. There was some

tender bleating about "permanent organization," and what the "association" should be called. A wiser "goat," that had age enough for a visible beard, moved that it be called "The Trundle-bed Conference." That ended the fray, and the "kids" have since been found in the "middle of the road" moving gently along with the rest of the flock, led by the shepherd's crook.

There is danger of hurt to the church by its "auxiliaries." Each seems sufficient in itself, and the church goes limping on. It ought to suggest serious thought that with the multiplicity of auxiliaries has been the incited decline. God save us from human appendages called "drawing cards." God has instituted his own conditions of success, and those who would improve upon these infallible agencies are "wise above what is written." Is Christ divided? Neither is his *body*. I have drawn upon my imagination for the characters that figure in this book. When Rev. H. W. Beecher was publishing his serial story in the New York *Ledger*, a friend remarked that he was so rapidly multiplying the characters in it that he could not use them, and would have to run in a railroad accident to get rid of them. All the characters of this story survive, save one, and whether dead or alive, his wreckage is complete—thrice dead, plucked up by the roots. Thirty-five years in the pastorate with attendant observations, have aided my imag-

ination in some things, that may appear more real than the pictures drawn.

Probably one threatening danger to the higher life is the contention of turbulent classes for ascendancy in the churches. Modesty is retiring. Except for respectable and venerable spectatorship the fathers and mothers of the church are practically out of consideration. Like too many such in the home, they are pushed into a corner. The evil is all but purely an American one. A church of a thousand members is often shocked to see a faithful pastor and able preacher removed, and one universally well received by the people. When the secret is out, it is learned that the pastor was unacceptable to Mrs. Ahab and Mrs. Herod, and they sought the head of prophets for no other reason than, if the gospel is preached, their code of life and morals finds itself in uncomfortable attitude to the Truth. History repeats itself. So Dudeley, at the head of the "sneak committee," convinces the "powers that be" that "*official circles*" at least ask for a change with but possibly a single exception. Thus many a faithful man of God is falsely wounded in the house of his friends, the public grieved, and religion scandalized. There is no recourse against such treachery. None but the best of metal can endure the strain.

Mr. Gladstone, England's "grand old man," was

once asked what kind of preaching he liked best. His reply was, "That kind the first premier of England did not like, who complained against the Royal Chaplain for insisting upon the application of the gospel to a man's private life." Too many insist on *a* gospel (not *the* gospel) that will not apply its precepts to either private or public life, when, in deed and in truth, the revealed law of God was given to be applied to both. No amount of theory as to the cure of disease will avail except the patient takes the medicine. Gospel opinions save no one; it is only when the remedy is taken *inwardly* and not rubbed on the outside that the sin-sick soul is healed. May this book be to many the ounce of prevention that shall prove more valuable than a pound of cure. It courts no criticism, favorable or unfavorable. It goes for what it is worth, and that will not be much with some.

Chapter I.

HOW SOME THINGS COME ABOUT.

Even a funeral occasion is sometimes seasoned with conversational spice that savors of other matter than that which pertains to so grave a matter. It was for the ear of the pall bearers that the driver carrying them in front of the procession to the cemetery, dropped the remark as they were passing a great factory in the city of Watchburg, a prominent town in New England, "There's an institution that turns out other goods than watches. It only has to 'lay off' a man now and then, when he suddenly disappears, and in a few years as suddenly turns up in the community a distinguished somebody, who has passed the era of embryo greatness with neatness and dispatch. We have from that concern, residing in this city, a lawyer, doctor, preacher, and goodness only knows what else."

The remark was not intended to be complimentary, save to the factory. The implication by way of innuendo, was that when one ceased to be efficient in watch-making, it did not take much to make of him a lawyer, less a

doctor, and much less a preacher. The man spoke better than he knew.

Some accusations against the Truth and against the church are compliments in masque; and when He who has declared that there is nothing hidden but shall be made known, tears off the masque, it will be shown that enemies have unwittingly said some of the most complimentary things of Christ, His kingdom, and His followers.

Our friend, the driver, did not know what complimentary things he was saying of the watch factory for "turning out" more goods than watches. It would be surpassing strange if a factory of thousands of employes did not "turn out" a few "*watchmen*" in the honorable professions of life—turned out in more senses than one. If a man proves himself without ability to measure up to the standard of a good watchmaker, it may be that is not the standard a wise Providence designed him to labor under. There are those who cannot be persuaded that they are fit for anything but watch-making. A failure to succeed in this, save in his own estimation, an estimation that is apt to persuade its unhappy possessor that he knows more about it than expert proprietors, must culminate in open breach, and the pugnacious employe is "laid off," or in plain English, "turned out."

Stranded on a reef of his own creation, though not

of his own choosing, he finds himself thrust into new conditions; and to his surprise, where all his preceding life was contingent upon a single piece of time-keeping furniture, he has now discovered the "springs of life," to which factory main-springs bear no resemblance, either in character or value.

So when our driver, Phineas Jehu, drove his steeds of prancing criticism through the achievements of those who in the ordinary callings of life, accomplished little or nothing, he only, by innuendo, uttered a familiar and famous fact, that repeats itself in history in all ages, namely, that some men must be "turned out" of some useful vocations before they find their true mission, and thus be able in another sense to turn up something for themselves. It is a happy escape from that of a poor maker of watches to that of a good and efficient lawyer, doctor, or greatest of all callings, preacher.

But there seems to be another side to Phineas Jehu's remark—the ease with which the "nobodies" become "somebodies."

If the lawyers, doctors and preachers referred to had been the sons of eminence and not of unpretentious common people, employed in a factory, we would not then have contempt for their aspiration for useful professions and position. The carping criticism made against the

aspiring sons and daughters of obscurity, is in testimony to a solemn truth, that the world can but little longer, if at all, take stock in the posterity of eminence, such as is now being bequeathed to society.

We have heirs of national and world-wide eminence figuring in divorce courts, jockey clubs and cock pits, while the offspring of millionaires betray a want of brain and brawn of noble sires, and must be pensioned on paternal bounty on the ground of *incompetency*. The princely man who has forged his way up from obscurity and poverty, and by right of conquest sits with princes, must die with regret that his offspring has not sufficient brains to manage and retain a competency when inherited, say nothing of the possession of that wisdom which acquires. Every nation has its trite proverbs, and here is one that if I mistake not, comes to us from the Spanish: "Grandfather, farmer; father, trader; son, gentleman; grandson, beggar."

Sons, like the Jews in Christ's day, are found contending too much for passport to eminence and respectability on the ground of lineal descent. If their virtues and faith, or probably better spoken, faith and virtue, are that of the fathers, well and good, otherwise, good for nothing; and like salt which hath lost its savor, to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. This is a

severe law, but its working is inevitable. Phineas Jehu seemed to be ignorant of such a law, and of its workings.

Character, like creation, in those who have come from obscurity to great eminence, is seen to be of a substance that to man's eye is an invisible quantity.

"It is not always the coat that tells,
Nor the collar your friend may wear;
It is not only the shine of his shoes,
Nor the finished touch of his hair.

It is not all in a silken hat,
Nor the fitting neat of his gloves;
It is not merely his cultured air,
Nor the circle in which he moves.

It is not his temper, his pride nor smile,
Nor yet his worshipful mien;
It is not even the name he bears
In a world that is shallow and mean.

Ah, no, after all, 'tis the man himself,
As he stands with his God alone,
'Tis the heart that beats beneath the coat,
The life that points to the throne.

The eye that cheers with its kindly glance,
'Tis the arm 'round a brother cast;
The hand that points to the hope beyond,
'Tis love that endures to the last."

Chapter II.

REV. TIMOTHY TANGLEFOOT, HIS GENESIS.

Timothy Tanglefoot inherited his given name, but he acquired the one by which he became the "hero" of this story. His father's name was Honeyweather. The boy was called Timothy because in the estimation of his parents he resembled somewhat in youthful tenderness Paul's "son in the gospel," and took so kindly in childhood to the instruction of his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice. There was no lack of impressibility on the home side of Timothy's life to begin with, but while, in this particular case, maternal and grand maternal were sufficient in quantity and quality to make our Timothy also "wise unto salvation," he possessed so much of it as related to information, but did not take kindly to the salvation.

Grandfather Honeyweather was of good English blood, as was also Lois, his better-half, whose maiden name was Goodyear. In neither case do we mean that there was an entail of royalty. "Every inch a king," may be said of many whose royalty comes not of lineal de-

scent. There are those of more royal blood—kings and priests unto God, who shall reign on the earth, whose crown consists in the mastery of character and honorable achievement, and when in such a presence, we recognize a superior.

Manliness and womanliness, with a sensible degree of firmness, did not sit with so much dignity upon the shoulders of the elderly Honeyweathers and Goodyears as with grace. It is refreshing to see in one this endowment of grace rather than dignity, for it is of that loftiness of character always approachable. Dignity without grace is too dogmatic, and we common folk turn from it with a “dog on it” sort of feeling that is next akin to profanity—the real “swear-word” like our “parsing” sentence in the grammar, “left to be understood.”

The family of Grandfather Honeyweather was a numerous one, but we will not burden this story with the genealogy. Readers, like editors, prefer brevity. The attachment for their native land was very strong, and when their dear old county Yorkshire was to be given up, it was not without great mental struggle. But it was of short duration. One memorable feature in this breaking up of old conditions and relations is the manifest hand of Providence. In the Old World whole generations of families abide for centuries in close proximity to each other, and a journey of a score of miles

from home is an event in the life-time of many. And yet there will come upon them with all their kith and kin a "spell," a deep conviction seizing them that America or some other country than that of their nativity, is the "land of promise," and all within an incredibly short time pack bag and baggage and risk the perils of a voyage by sea of thousands of intervening miles, destined for the "New World." Many of these have never seen the ocean, nor an ocean steamer. General observation proves that the Unseen Hand that guides them, guides them well.

To this company of people the grandparents of our Timothy belonged. The sea voyage is made. When foot is set on American soil the mental struggle is over, and all say, "This is *our* country."

The voyage had given ample opportunity to add to their information from the ship's library, increased knowledge of the United States, and the usual "agent" of agricultural and other interests was abroad to urge the preferable characteristics of soil, climate, schools, churches, etc., of his particular section. The Honeyweathers listened to it all, read much for themselves, and after respectful consideration of all that was told them by books or "land agent," like independent thinkers, proceeded to act for themselves.

From New York City they came by rail to Pitts-

burg. From thence they came by flat boat down the Ohio river to a point below Cincinnati. Passing the mouth of several streams emptying into the Ohio, they concluded, naturally, that farther back in the interior there must be rich valleys that would respond handsomely to the hand of industry and toil. Returning to Cincinnati they sought the Miami Valley. Finding it largely occupied, and all acreage beyond their purchasing ability, and guided by smaller valleys but no less productive, they came upon their bonanza, a sparkling stream, with "bottom lands" between the hills, and table land, or "second bottom," receding upward till the hilltops, unbroken by crag or bluff, furnished pasture lands. They transferred their belongings by wagons some sixty miles or more into the interior from the "Queen City." Here they settled upon an elevated tract, which gradually ascended to the hilltop, upon which there was a large acreage of table land, covered with a splendid orchard of large sugar maples, that became the delightful resort of the family when "stirring off" came in the early spring time. This plateau of maple sugar land was probably two hundred feet above the winding stream, that divided in the center the farm lands secured by Grandfather Honeyweather. The hilltop from the "sugar camp" gave a commanding view of Crystal Creek, that eastward resembled a thread of silver sent out from the

rising sun, wending its way until it surrounded three sides of the oblong prominence on which the family residence was built, and approaching nearer the house on the west, leaving but the distance of a gunshot across the front lawn from the "swimming hole" on the east side to the "deep hole" on the west side, where the horses with boys on their bare backs, received their frequent ablutions. Viewed from east or west, the scenery was substantially the same, and whether from choice, or providentially guided, the Honeyweathers had all there was of beauty in the rising and setting sun, for the tints with which the king of day touched up the valley on the east in his beautiful rising were duplicated to the westward when he closed the circuit of the day. The painter can finish the picture as he imagines the boyhood representation of this family deluged with the sun's best halo in the morning, and most gracious benediction in the evening, as with whistle and song the sons followed their sire to the fields in the valley for the day and returned in the evening, "bringing their sheaves with them."

I am a little previous with my story, so rapidly has it grown upon me. On this woody point the Honeyweathers settled, and began to clear away the forests and make their home and fortune. In neither were they disappointed. Here their children were born, both sons and daughters. In due time other homes were made by

the generation that came of this forest home. What at first was a large landed estate for an Englishman, under the broadening possibilities of the New World would not at all suffice, and catching the spirit of enterprise peculiar to new settlers, they began to sing, "Westward the star of empire wends its way." To the first-born son the father said, "Go West, young man, go West," and he went. The daughters married yeomen of that section, who in turn aided in the rapid development of all that made for prosperity and character. The first-born son was a promising youth. They had named him George, but it is not known to this day whether it was given him from preference for the historic name of King George III., or that their new found home had so wrought upon their affection as to give rise to genuine American patriotism and independence, and for the better reason called him George, the Washington. There was no "third" about this name, for they soon learned that when George met George then came the tug of war, and the outcome of it all had immortalized our George as the *First*—"first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Be this as it may the Honeyweather family is now so completely Americanized that none but the grandfather still distinguishes the forest trees which his axe felled to the earth as hash, 'ickory and hoak. We will

never forget the significance of his English, when, with tearful earnestness he exhorted penitents to come to the *haltar*.

It is not claimed that Timothy Tanglefoot is to be blamed for the sum total of his tanglements. That problem, "When is the best time to begin to bring up a child in the way it should go?" was wisely answered, "One hundred years before it is born." Children are observers of things long before they possess the gift of speech. Timothy lived to see the day when he stoutly held, whether apostolic or not, that he was in the regular line of succession from his grandfather.

It may have been in appearance a harvest sown in Grandfather Honeyweather's day. Anyhow, it is suggestive, that while Paul was paying that other Timothy hereditary compliments, the grandfather and father were not in it, grandmother and mother had precedence in that case. In our Timothy's case we have reason to believe that it would have been greatly improved if grandmother and mother had entered into the story as heroines that character should not be marred by the well-intentioned, but at times mistaken grandsire and sire. We will not take the time to explain the why and wherefore of all this, whether of omission or oversight, only to say that it is quite certain in the case of our Timothy, the grandmother and mother are not held accountable

for the shortcomings and moral delinquencies of the subject of this sketch.

Grandfather Honeyweather was a very conscientious man. Rightly he was a stickler for the proper observance of the Sabbath. His family altar was as sacred. Nor was he fanatical about this. It was a duty we owed to God and ourselves that the day of all days should be given to that service of worship and reading that would increase our knowledge of God, from whom all goodness comes; and our proper relation to Him. No one argued the case with him; all saw that he derived the benefits in his own life for which these things stood, and a living argument convinces all gainsayers. His children will never forget his favorite hymn which, after reading the Scripture lesson, and before he knelt for morning prayer, he more frequently sang than any other:

“Father, I stretch my hands to Thee;
No other help I know;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?”

His soul lived and thrived in the redemptive truth taught in the six verses composing the hymn. Being of that devout turn of mind that always closes its eyes to the world in worship, he frequently found the element of “watching” wanting in his devotions, for on occasions when opening his eyes after the line, “Ah! whither shall

I go?" he found, sure enough, that George, taking advantage of the occasion, had gone.

I have forgotten to say that Grandfather Honeyweather was also a clergyman, or rather that this high-sounding title might not embarrass our grand sire, will say that after the custom of the Wesleyans, he was a local preacher. In fruitfulness of labor he far exceeded many clergymen. In his new found home, as in his native land, he had ample scope for exercising his gifts and graces and was beloved among the people. In the early settlement of the country that has now become his adopted home—farming and preaching were not incompatible. It was his wont, before leaving in his carriage, or on horseback, on Saturdays for his Sunday appointment to say, "Now, boys, see that things are cared for till I return." To the oldest he would say, "George, you will see that the cows are brought from the hill pasture in time for the girls to pail them before dark." "All right," said George, and with an extra crack from his leather wood whip, gave proof of equipment to duly bring to their stalls Boss, Star and Brindle, in case they promised tardiness. The other lads looked after the provender of fodder, hay and mash. The ruling spirit of the home scarcely ever accompanied her husband to his "appointments." Hence, Grandfather Honeyweather went forth upon his Sabbath duties with great assurance that

all affairs would be found in "apple pie order" on his return.

But to return to our hero. The idea—mistaken notion, subsequently developed in the brain of our Timothy, that he was in the regular line of apostolic succession. It is more reasonably certain that he was in the regular line of succession from his grandfather. Grandfather Honeyweather was not only conscientious to observe the Sabbath himself, but anxious as well that his children should possess, if not by heredity, by grace, the same reverence for this day. So it was a looked for advice, when the family horse was attached to the carriage and Father Honeyweather was in readiness for the lines, to turn to George, who seemed to be the recipient of parental admonition for all the other children, and say, "Now, my son, do not go near the creek while I am gone."

Crystal Creek, so near by, was the fruitful source of many temptations. The corn fields lay upon its banks. When George was in the furrow that ended in full sight of the "swimming hole," and when he came out at that end of the row he lingered. In more shallow water, with bare feet and trousers rolled up to the knees, he found himself trying to corral the fish. The year had its seasons, but the temptations ever coming from this creek knew no winter, spring, summer nor autumn. There never was a season that a boy did not see some reason

why he would like to be near the creek. In winter time, a sudden freeze would cover the water with ice as clear as crystal. For want of a breathing place the fish would find their way from deep water into the shallows and near the "riffle" under the clear ice schools of all sorts and sizes could be seen. Some of these had worked their way close to the shore under the ice, so that when surprised it was with difficulty they could retreat to deep water. The fish thus near the surface and confined in close quarters between the ice and rocky bottom of the stream were at the mercy of the boys who with ax or hammer, or with a stone not larger than one's double fist, could smite the ice over a choice fry and repeat the blow many times, thus stunning the prey to helplessness, when, at their leisure, they could break a hole through the ice and with their hand gather a "string of fish" that would tickle the palate of a prince.

I wonder if any one who remembers this picture has forgotten the temptation to "go a-fishing" after this fashion, though he were on his way to the country church on the Sabbath day? It takes larger fish to bribe a congressman now a day, but this temptation to go a-fishing on Sunday after the manner indicated has turned the head of many a boy. Father Honeyweather knew all this and hence his anxiety that the boys should

keep away from the creek, and that George the eldest brother, should set the goodly example.

One bleak December Sabbath none could leave home, and the imprisonment in spite of pop corn bribe, pure and white from the oven in the old chimney corner, produced its usual nervousness to be out and about the usual boyish capers. That particular Sabbath Father Honeyweather was confined to his bed with a "sick headache," and the imposed quiet added to rather than abated the restlessness of the sons.

"To go a-fishing on Sunday!" in the Honeyweather family was not once to be named. Indeed, such was the Sabbath sentiment in the community that, if, when good people were going to church, on the road lying along this stream, they saw some violator of the day on the bank with tackle in hand, the guilty one took to the woods, or to the field near by, for hiding from the gaze and recognition of respectable people. It should be so still: that it is not is proof of degeneracy.

But on this particular winter Sabbath, instead of being the shortest day's journey of the seven, it seemed to the boys in the Honeyweather home, the very longest. It was, however, nothing for the boys to go to the barn, for care of stock or broods might suggest an occasional visit there, and the monotony would be broken. Nor did

they think of more than this when they drifted in that direction. But once in the barn, the back door looked off over a small field where just back of it was the "swimming hole," on the east side of the place, all frozen over even down to the shallows close on to the riffle. Here the water ran too rapidly for freezing and the fish drifted toward it for air.

How it happened even the boys themselves could not tell, but they found themselves on the ice, and as they skated over the "deep hole" down toward the riffle, they came upon the shallows, and suddenly upon a large school of fine fish close by wedged in between the ice and gravel bottom, and so near the surface that their fins crowded the glassy roof above them. Excitement ran high, the Sabbath was forgotten, impulse held sway. The solemn lessons against Sabbath desecration might as well never have been given. Many a toothsome finny turned up his silver side in graceful surrender to the stunning blows, and the boys were each soon in possession of a "string" that would have satisfied the cravings of the most ravenous epicure. "We've got 'em," shouted George. "What will we do with 'em?" replied Will, when it occurred to them that the performance was all out of harmony with instruction at the home.

George was too old to solve the problem. Will laid

his down on the ice as much as to say, "Stay there, and tomorrow I'll pass you for a Monday catch."

Benny, the youngest, who from his extreme youth, did not take in the gravity of the situation, and who had an impediment in his speech, shouted, "G-g-g-give 'em to me; I kn-n-n-n-now wh-wh-wh-wh-what to do-o-o-o- wib 'em. T-t-t-t-take 'em to-to-to-to-Pa! !" and before they had time to recall to Benny's mind the moral instruction from "Pa" concerning fishing on Sunday, he had scampered up the bank, not so steep but he could climb it, and was in the small field between creek and house speeding as for dear life, for "Pa," to hold up before him the trophies of the day. Walking right into the sick-room where "Pa" Honeyweather was lying, Benny held up his string of fish (the other boys following at a respectful distance to see without hurt to themselves the outcome of the matter with Benny), "Se-e-e, P-p-p-p-a, we's b-b-b-en fishin'. G-g-g-ge and m-m-m-m-e and W-w-w-ill, k-k-k-k-echt l-l-l-ots uv 'em."

"O, my boys! my dear boys! What have you done? Why all this on the Sabbath day? What must I do with you? It is too bad! How wicked it is to do this on the Sabbath!" and there stood Benny holding up the fish awaiting each breath to be ordered to return them to their freedom in the stream. The other boys stood out of sight, "Where is George and William?" inquired the

father, in a voice half harsh and half tender. They came forth from their hiding to receive sentence. Solemnity had a hard struggle to assert itself, but when it did, it came in the following advice: "Take those fish to your mother and never let me hear of such a thing as this occurring again."

The next morning a handsome fry appeared on the plate of each of the boys, and neither father nor mother said that they had experienced any choking sensation in swallowing their repast of fish.

We may explain at this point that this "fish story" is not told to loosen the restraint of the conscience concerning the duty of Sabbath observation in this particular household, for while this was the first, it was also the last fishing trouble stumbled upon on the Sabbath day.

Father Honeyweather looked at things in a philosophic sort of way, and noting that nature would assert itself Sabbath or no Sabbath, did not force nature out of its trend, but molded it, and provided for its lawful and rational direction. The Saturday half-holiday, spring-time, summer, autumn and winter became a spur to the sons of the Honeyweather household to make the best of things, the fruit of which was that the Honeyweather boys did not find Sabbath observation an oppression, nor exaction, but a delight.

But the "fish story," which is true to the letter, came

very near the verge of an eccentric conscience illustrated by Cowper:

"A youngster from school more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test;
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

"He was shocked, sir, like you, and answered 'Oh, no!
What! rob our good neighbor! I pray you don't go;
Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed.'

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,
But apples we want and apples we'll have;
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear.'

"They spoke and Tom pondered, 'I see they will go;
Poor man! What a pity to injure him so!
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could!
But staying behind will do him no good.

"If the matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropped off the tree.
But since they will take them I think I'll go, too,
He will lose none by me, though I get a few.'

"His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
*He flamed and protested, but joined in the plan;
He shared in the plunder; but pitied the man.*

This "fish story" George never forgot. Barring Benny's innocent courage and his own guilty timidity in presenting their finny trophy of Sabbath breakage, he often told it with great relish, more than all else to illustrate his father's surrender of scruples of conscience for

the sake of a fry of good fish. But in fact father Honeyweather did it more to save the drooping spirit of his youthful sons from disappointment. It was his kindness of heart and natural affection that lay at the bottom of his motive that the fish should be taken to the mother and toothsomely prepared for the boys. If they had been ordered to return them to their freedom in Crystal Creek, the incident would have been lost, except to occasionally illustrate the stern integrity and fidelity of the father in his unbending adherence to his religious convictions.

George became quite a story teller. We bound over much of his life to find him now in his manhood and the head of a family. Our Timothy is his son. When Timothy came to the age when stories are enjoyed by children, he too, like the rest of his years, loved to hear above all others, his father's stories. And when he said to his father, "Tell us a 'sure enough' story," then he took in the realities of things. No stories are so interesting to children as those incidents that occur in the lives of fathers. The father who can tell a story of some interesting event in his own life stands before his boy as a veritable hero.

It was never known that Grandfather Honeyweather displayed much of this trait of character. Especially was he careful to avoid that latitude in which if you give the devil an inch he will take an el. This one little in-

cident, however, set the leaven working and first in George, but more than all in his son, Timothy, solace of conscience was had in after years over many escapades of doubtful propriety, by quoting Grandfather Honeyweather's stretch of conscience. Thus evil, small to begin with, found increase, and when remonstrated with by pious folk, the perpetrator would retort: "We cannot be much worse than our fathers, for they did thus and so." Thus to Timothy the memory of his grandfather's seeming error, with a reach of a generation lying in between, small as it may seem, told with much relish by his father in the presence of the son, planted in his young mind the seed thought of moral latitudinarianism, the fruitage of which meant embarrassing entanglements, which, long continued, eventually led public sentiment concerning the subsequently "boy preacher" to give him the name acquired, "Rev. Timothy Tanglefoot."

"Behold, what a great matter a little fire kindleth."

(Suggested by Memories of Boyhood Days).

THE DAYS OF OLD.

Let's go back, O brother mine,
To the precious ways of the days gone by—
Back to the gleam of the glad sunshine,
When we were children, you and I.
We are growing old, but I long so much
For the grasp of a mother's hands to hold
Me away from sin and its soiling touch
As they used to do in the days of old.

I'm tired of dogma of church and state;
Let's trail with our feet the dust of the lane,
As we wander down to the pasture gate,
And bring the cows for mother again.
And see once more the woodlark dip
From stake to stake of the ridered fence;
And feel the old-time fellowship
We felt in our boyhood innocence.

Let's climb to the rafters overhead,
And build a swing on the old barn floor.
Let's "hide and seek" in the wagon shed
And be "knee high" again once more.
Let's part the weeds where the truant hen
Has stolen her nest; then stoop and fold
The sheltering weeds o'er the nest again
As we used to do in the days of old.

Oh, the endless joys of the days of old!
With the path that led to the fruited trees,
Where the dandelions their coins of gold
Had scattered to bribe the bumblebees.
Down in the grass was the cricket's chirr,
And overhead was the dragon fly;
And round about us everywhere
Was the dreamy gleam of the days gone by.

And oh the years and tears since then!
The miles and smiles that have lured us on!
The graves we have passed and the moments when
The cradle and coffin seemed almost one!
So let's go back, O brother mine,
Forgetting tonight our greed of gold,
And talk awhile of the glad sunshine
That gilded the ways of the days of old.

ALFRED ELLISON.

Chapter III.

GEORGE HONEYWEATHER.

But I am prone still to get ahead of my story. George, the eldest son, is now, as anticipated in the previous chapter, a man grown. His affection has drifted from home moorings, for Cupid has accomplished his work as in the case, many years ago, of the seniors of the family, Mr. and Mrs. Honeyweather. The Methodists, ever on the alert in station, circuit and camp reached George, and after the fashion of old-time revivals, he was converted. Simultaneously with his conversion came the call to preach.

Times have changed, for while his father, of necessity, must put him on a farm in the West, which no longer included only this, but the newer states of Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. On all occasions he found himself preaching and exhorting, or next thing to these, engaged in serious religious conversation. These, by the Church, were considered ominous signs indicating that the Lord had sealed him for something more than farming. He farmed a little and preached much. One thing

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he soon discovered, namely, that in these days a farmer made a poor preacher, and a preacher made a poor farmer, as a rule. For fear of spoiling both he gave up the farm and went to preaching. The beautiful prairie state, Iowa, was an inviting field for both preacher and farmer.

Average prosperity came to him as a farmer, but the hunger of the mind would assert itself. Finally George reached a point where he was made to realize that he was not only in verity casting pearls before swine, but himself also, and that whether he would or not, he felt, in reflex influence, the turning and rending so forcibly portrayed by the Master. So he gave up his herds, implements and acres and laid hold on the gospel plow.

A description of his ample home, barns for stock and provender, and groves, in one of which was cuddled his cosy home, and premises "well stocked" is the picture of our farmer and his holdings, to begin with.

But unlike his Ohio beginnings where sons were distinguished at "log rollings" by strength of loin and muscle never equalled by college or university "crew" or "team," and that would "pull down" the "bully" at the other end of the handspike, his Iowa neighbors and their sons and daughters were found with fine turnouts of prancing steeds and hansom. In a community like this our Timothy, the subject of this story, was born.

The original Honeyweathers from England had both

brawn and brain. The second edition had brain and less brawn. The third had,—well it is a debatable question. There are some vertebrates without brains and some brains without vertebrae. We are unable to say our Timothy was either, but,—well, he was respectable, and possessed good hereditary antecedents in grandfather, and fairly good in his father; splendid in his mother, and as for himself we must bide his evolution.

Iowa is now a rookery of schools. No like compass of territory on the face of the earth can boast so small a per cent of illiteracy. If the moral vertebrae would but keep pace with brain it would remind one much of Paradise Restored. But there is a growing suspicion of recent years of a want of vertebrae in that wonderful section concerning moral reforms, and that there is fear of lapse into that moral delinquency that has ever been the forerunner of illiteracy and degeneracy in every good thing. It is to be greatly feared that brain cannot long maintain the office luminary in the lighthouse of character where the vertebrae is wanting that is always necessary to sustain the structure.

Timothy was tall and prepossessing. He early became profoundly impressed with his own *personality*. He prided himself in poise. In gesture he was unique. In learning an adept. In talent, unexcelled by college mate. In his attire, faultless. In cheek, without a peer. In

piety and sincerity, wanting. In discount of superiors and seniors, always at it. In economy of the truth, an expert. And along with those of his kind, a lady's man. Emotional, with emotion left out. In antecedents, boastful. In entanglements, always avoided by his boasted ancestry, numerous. In progressive euchre and waltz, hale fellow well met. With the "young people" to "draw" to *his* side of thinking, a success—*after a fashion*. As a builder up of church, or of himself, a stupendous failure. His choir sang in his praise, "How beautiful the feet of *him*."

No marvel that Timothy Honeyweather acquired the unenviable name of Tanglefoot, for the unholy alliances he formed, with the hope, so he said, of allying the unallied to the church, was the largest lie of all, and which really fathered all subsequent error.

For Timothy Tanglefoot to think that the unregenerate elements are reached and even reformed, say nothing of their regeneration, by a matrimony of world, flesh and devil, is of the same piece of folly with the young lady who marries a sot to reform him. We may always suspicion the clergy and laity who would live, as one expresses it "in a very comfortable and respectable state of total depravity," serving the Lord in a fashion of no offense to Satan.

Our Timothy graduated "with honors" at the Up-

perton University situated in the heart of Rock Bottom Conference. It was visibly plain that he had some things well in hand. It was also quite certain that from the start he had determined to divorce himself from the vulgar speech of the average scholar, and much more from the "common herd." If distinction is before him why not be *distinct*? He could say "ither" and "nither" with marked emphasis, and he could say amen with a snapshot on the "a" and "chu'ch" with such a vocal jerk that the "r" dropped out—and so on to the end of the chapter. He could intonate the ritual for the dead in a nasal whine with monkish perfection of long centuries ago, the production of priestly mummification dug out of the valley of centuries of priestly oblivion, the very petrification of a form of godliness without power. His "high church" tendencies were of the lowest order. They were as lifeless as low. But then, he had talent and splendid antecedents.

The autumn following the graduation of Timothy he was recommended by the Quarterly Conference of the church at Landslide where his membership was held, for admission into the "traveling connection." There was a recognition of his ability, and some thought that if he became enlisted in the work there was a remarkable future before him. But withal, an impression had been made on the minds of the brethren who had spiritual dis-

cernment, that Timothy was not equal to the antecedents manifest in the grandfather and father before him. Timothy himself thought otherwise. Probably it was this otherwise way of his thinking that accounted for much of the kinkiness of which so many tanglements come.

His lofty mien was against him. It indicated that as he was the grandson of his grandfather, and the son of his father, the equal of those claimed for the other Timothy of motherly fame, he was therefore sufficient for any and all occasions and every place. He either could not or would not conceal the impression made everywhere, that he was a vast improvement over all that had gone before. He reasoned, too, that the itinerant ministry offered a wide scope for the exercise of his diversified gifts and graces. Presiding Elders in the cabinet looked upon all this a little in the light of "history repeating itself," and concluded to let the case develop itself. Time would tell.

Conference convened at Centerburg. It was a very interesting session, and the class admitted "on probation" was large and creditable. Timothy came from Landslide well recommended. He received an appointment on the opposite side of the Conference from Landslide, a little city of good schools and intelligent people.

Trymanburg was the significant name of this pleas-

ant appointment. It was certainly a stepping stone to splendid promotion. Timothy also discovered, as most young men do at this point, that "single blessedness" was not the best estate of life for a young man entering upon a career such as his was certain to be.

Antedating the matrimonial event, he was kindly disposed to all comers, and it was a sight to see how the young people came flocking to his standard. He married Miss Faithful Helpley, who did all in her power to facilitate his success.

In his new field his first trouble arose on account of the choir—sometimes called the "war department" of the church. If one desires to express superlative sensitiveness, they need only say, "Sensitive as a church choir." Why the cuticle of the average church choir is so much thinner than that of other mortals is a problem that physiologists have not solved. It offers a fruitful field for study. Timothy did not have much use for the "Committee on Music," and so the brethren sat back and saw him do their work for them, thus relieving them of great responsibility. His excuse for this was that the committee was not of his own nomination. He must be assured of its harmony with the administration. The manifest blunder of Timothy was that a "set" of unholy people could lead a devout congregation in sacred worship. If worship should be "in the beauty of holiness,"

the incongruity is very marked. This brought out protests from a few who were feeling their way along in order to correct the inconsistency. When at last these protests reached Timothy's ear, they were greeted with, "Who is pastor of this church? Who is running this thing? If Brother Humbleby and Sister Piety will attend to their business, I will attend to mine." This was enough, for this superlative mien of the pastor was soon the talk of the town.

Of course, when the first Monday night of the month came, the occasion for the regular meeting of the Official Board, the usual questions were asked and answers given. But when the closing question was reached, "Is there any other business?" the brethren felt that there must be a more amicable state of mind between the pastor and his flock, and that insult so early in the pastorate should not be given the faithful, especially when it came by way of pastoral deference toward a class of people who never were of use to the church, nor never will be only so far as the church affords a weekly opportunity for dress parade, the chief boast of such being to "show pious people how *we* can do it." A good brother, ordinarily conservative and very diffident, whose name was Jacob Pointer, desired to make an inquiry for his own personal satisfaction. Others had quietly referred to the matter in conversation with him, and an undertone of

dissatisfaction was being heard that seemed to bode unpleasant results if great caution were not exercised.

“Bro. Tanglefoot,” said Jacob Pointer, “how is it that since you have come to be our pastor, you have set aside our young people of the church in the matter of the choir?”

Pastor Tanglefoot replied: “I have not ignored our young people in that thing to which they are best adapted.”

Jacob Pointer—“In your limited acquaintance what do you know our young people to be good for?”

Pastor Tanglefoot—“Well, they are good and appreciative hearers of the wu’d.”

Jacob Pointer—“Do we understand you to say that the choir you have organized have no appreciation of the word, and that they are better qualified for singers than the worshippers?”

Pastor Tanglefoot—“It has become quite a custom with some prominent churches to select *talent* to lead in public worship, and if necessity compels to choice, *talent* that cares nothing for worship, is better than no talent.”

Jacob Pointer—“Please tell us, Pastor Tanglefoot, for we are a simple and would be pious people, how *talent* can lead us in a worship that it knows nothing of, and it seems manifest, does not care to know.”

Pastor Tanglefoot—"I met Mr. Trader the other day, and while we said nothing concerning church matters, I am confident that if we do something to *draw* men of affairs like him, it will popularize our church and we will be visited by many who are not specially attending divine service anywhere."

Jacob Pointer—"My dear pastor," (and Brother Pointer's eyes moistened, and his voice grew tremulous) "you do not answer my question. We are not on a mission of setting a bait of vanity for sensible men to bite at, for the right kind of fish do not take kindly to such bait. We wish to please God. When we do this we believe we will also please sensible men. Tell us in all seriousness, how can we worship God in the spirit led by an unholy company, and sometimes by immoral people, whose only virtue is that they have *talent*, and that will not suffice in judgment. Let us be very candid and withal very consistent about this matter."

Pastor Tanglefoot—"We want to impress the world favorably."

Jacob Pointer—"And you are taking the poorest means to so impress it. Do you think, Brother Tanglefoot, that you can impress a sensible world favorably by impressing God unfavorably? Can you reach men with the consistency of the gospel by inconsistency of methods?"

Pastor Tanglefoot—"You know, my brothers, that we must keep up with the times. The world sets the time of day and we must keep our timepieces by its movement. If we want the *crowd* with us we must do something to *draw* it."

Jacob Pointer—"You are mistaken in your estimate of the sensible world. That part of the world to which you seem disposed to cater,—and catering of the most doubtful propriety, does not expect to be drawn to the Christian life by any such clap trap. The persons with whom you are supplanting our solid, Christian young people have no avenues of conspicuousness. Like Satan of old, and for that matter of modern times, too, who always puts in an appearance of conspicuousness wherever God has to do in molding mankind for high and holy ends, so his votaries unheralded and unsung by a common sense world, must put in an appearance in the sanctuary, and what his Satanic majesty does not personally accomplish his representatives, inspired by his spirit, accomplish for him. And he is not satisfied with any remote recognition; nothing lower than the highest seat in the synagogue will satisfy Satan. Intelligent men of the world long for the bread of life in the gospel, and when they find the services of the church conducted after the fashion of a concert garden, they are sadly disappointed. These people, Pastor Tanglefoot, that you have installed

in our choir care not a penny for you nor your church only so far as they are elevated into prominence. And they have no merit entitling them to the recognition given them. From their lofty perch they look down with contempt upon the worshipping congregation composing the church, and who bear its burdens. They do not even bow their heads in prayer. That unholy company that must mock God by pretense to lead in holy service, would not touch with their little finger a single duty or service of the church that would be acceptable to God. Why, my dear pastor, they take it for granted that the prominent position they fill is open without question to the votaries of sin and devotees of worldly pleasure and intrude themselves just like Satan, with great imposition, upon a sincere and patient congregation of devout worshipers. At the Moody meetings near the World's Fair ground, a young man was passing down from the platform to the door and just before his exit one of the "workers" accosted him with 'Are you a Christian?' 'No, I sing in the choir,' was his reply, and passed on out. Ask any of these you have honored with such a position if they are Christians and they will say just as flippantly, "No, thank you; I sing in the choir." With such it is not essential to be religious to lead in religious worship."

Pastor Tanglefoot—"A pastor must be allowed some

latitude in matters of this kind. He has his own methods to work, and if they are not practical, the failure is with himself. He must 'fill the house.' "

Jacob Pointer—"Our house has never gone a-begging for a congregation. We have never known until you came that we were wanting in this thing. I want to say to you, Brother Tanglefoot, your reference to 'pleasing and drawing' such men of the world as Mr. Trader is altogether out of harmony with the spirit of that gentleman, as you will discover in due time. He is a manly man, honorable in his transactions with, and relation to, all men, and his character is above reproach, and he is very anxious with his family, to drop in where wholesome and consistent principles govern. The Rev. Dr. Dickerman, pastor of High Square Church, has missed his mark with Mr. Trader, failing to properly impress him at all. Mr. Trader himself told me that with all the great pretensions of that church for social advantages, he would not trust the morals of his family within the environments manifest in the atmosphere of that particularly presumptuous social circle."

The *Presbyterian Journal* thinks we have heard long enough about *ministers* who will draw, that it is time something was said about *Churches* that draw. There is magnetism in a united, holy, zealous church that will attract in spite of a dull pulpit.

Pastor Tanglefoot looked at his watch and found that the official brethren had prolonged the conference to his discomfort, and with lofty lack of ceremony he declared the meeting adjourned.

Chapter IV.

AFTER THE ADJOURNMENT.

Pastor Tanglefoot took leave of his official brethren with but little ceremony. He evidently felt that he had a problem to solve; but no less did the brethren feel the same way. The members of the official board tarried for quite awhile after adjournment "just to talk matters over." It was an informal affair, but in spirit and representative character, quite official. The pastor subsequently hearing of it pronounced it officious, and not official.

Royster Tinderly, a member of the board, stretching himself to full height for a rest from the long, tedious and annoying parley with the pastor, dropped his hands to his sides and with an emphasis said: "Well, if this isn't a condition! I move that we change the name of this body from that of Official Board to that of "The Official Bored." The brethren smiled at the pleasantry, but all felt the situation was such that any thing but pleasantry was befitting the occasion. It seemed now to be a free-for-all meeting. They had

wisely left the interview with the pastor wholly with Bro. Jacob Pointer, and thus saved themselves from an unpleasant wrangle which would have been certain if Royster Tinderly had set the fire a-burning.

At this point Brother Job Sadderman said that he would not second Brother Tinderly's motion, but proceeded to say by way of suggestion that all serious undertakings should begin with some sort of devotional exercises, and therefore moved, as they had such an undertaking before them, they sing

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears, attend the cry:
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

But this gave the situation an air of sacrilege. What shall be done? There was another member of the Official Board in the church in Trymanburg, a quiet, unobtrusive man, scarcely ever heard, but when once the great deep of his soul was stirred, had something to say. This was Zachariah Soberton, who, through all the wordy altercation between Pastor Tanglefoot and Jacob Pointer, had maintained a profound silence, but was just as profoundly interested in all that was going on, though he seemed otherwise on the surface. Just at the point where Royster Tinderly would have the brethren sing "Hark from the tombs," Soberton showed signs of animation, but not of agitation, and

gravely said: "Brethren, we are verily guilty concerning this whole matter. We can recall that, but a few weeks before Conference, though we had a good pastor, faithful in all things, we concluded a 'change' would be a good thing, that if we could secure a younger man who could 'reach the young folk' and 'draw,' we would find that a change of pastors would make fat,—anyhow, we said 'variety is the spice of life.' And then we had to compete with the other churches whose pastors were working the field for all there was in it. So we got together and selected Sammy Dudeley, Willie Flattery, and David Doubledealer to act as a 'sneak committee'—by which we supplanted our dear brother and pastor, Rev. Reliabus Plodderman, by asking the Bishop and cabinet to send us Timothy Tanglefoot, and since the prayer of our own vanity has been answered, we ought to take our own medicine. He granted us our request and sent leanness to our souls. We even represented that all the officary save one was of our opinion, and amazed the public by the surprise that a faithful pastor was exchanged for an experiment, when there was neither earthly nor heavenly reason for the change."

This short speech of Brother Soberton did not mollify, but modified the radical spirit that was rapidly generating a white heat. It was a sight to behold

when Job's comforters turned upon him with their unsound and falsely called philosophic accusations. But that most patient man took good care of himself, nor did he charge God foolishly with his trouble. But what a picture, when Job's comforters turn upon themselves for consolation. That official board in Trymanburg had no Job in their midst upon whose head they could pour their superabundance of complaint, and so the "bored" tried it on each other. The embarrassment of the occasion threw over the whole thing a ludicrous mantle of their own weaving, and it fit so closely, and pinched so severely, that, irritable as the experience was, no way out of it could be discovered but to endure that which they could not help, and therefore patiently await developments.

The Secretary of the Board, Henry Handy, at this juncture, proposed that nothing be put upon record, and that as the church was paramount to every other interest, they wear patiently the yoke they had put on their own necks, and proceed with the business side of matters, as if all sailing was smooth, and so let the vessel drift. A conference year would soon come and go, and several weeks of this one were now passed, and standing by the ship, the survival of the fittest would be on deck when the year's voyage should be over.

They mutually agreed that this was the wise thing to do, and so decided upon a more conservative course.

After the matter had been finally settled, Brother Songer Harper, member of the Board, recalled an interview had between Brother Pointer and Pastor Tanglefoot concerning the personnel of the choir.

Brother Harper said: "With me it is simply a question of consistency. God's displeasure is declared from heaven against all ungodliness, and particularly against those who hold the truth in unrighteousness, or worship God with their lips while their hearts are far from Him. What do you think about it?" said Brother Harper, addressing himself to Zachariah Sober-ton.

Bro. Sober-ton—"Pastor Tanglefoot puts this whole matter on the ground of *talent*. If it is talent, a splendid way that some have of saying and doing things so as to *entertain* a crowd that goes to a theater, circus, funeral or church for no other than the one purpose of entertainment, we had better go out of the business of the church for which it was instituted and go into the business of the 'play house.' It is said that Nero was more talented than Paul. Give Nero right of way. Decide Paul a back number. Bring in the "Rev." R. G. Ingersoll for church use since his *talent* and oratory excels that of most clergymen. No matter that his

logic is an endless chain of meaningless rhetoric, he will 'draw' and 'entertain.' ” At this point Brother Sober-ton warmed up to his subject beyond all expectation, and closed by emphatically stating that it was his belief that many had not grown out of the swaddling bands of babyhood entertainment. Said he: “I have known Jim Pompedore from the day of his birth up to date. He was a cross baby to begin with, particularly so about that eventful era in his life when he was cutting two teeth. His mother was a good housewife in those days, being quite domestic in her nature; and not being able in those days to employ help, was compelled to resort to the usual method of quieting baby Jim while she went busily about her household cares. There came a day when Pompedore could sit on the floor, bolstered up between two pillows, and the first time she placed him in this position she *struck him*. What with, did you say? *The entertainment idea.*

She 'took the tinpan and the hammer,
Anything to make a clammer,
And delight the baby'

and flung them in Jimmy's lap. Pompedore grew until the long dresses were shed for shorter, but one thing he did not shed, the *entertainment idea*. It grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. He continued to grow until he shed his short frock for an

attire resembling more that of his father's, and will never feel more like a man that he did on that eventful occasion; but he did not with his short frock shed the entertainment idea; that continued to grow with his growth and strengthen with his strength. And now Pompedore and his kind have permitted this thing to grow until nothing short of a two hundred thousand dollar opera house, with highly paid performers, will supply the demand, for no higher purpose than that of entertainment. It is only another form of the tin pan and the hammer repeating itself—the motive is the same. No use to tell him that the good and great of earth were not ambitious for selfish pleasure, but rather to know that they answered the God-given end of their existence by a conservation of their gifts and graces for the uplift and betterment of humanity. It is a great calamity to know that eyes may become too dim to see, and ears too dull to hear, and the heart too indifferent to understand these things of the higher and better life;" and with his hand brought down with force upon the seat in front of him by way of emphasis, Soberton continued: "I do declare that it does appear to me that the influences that are so persistent in intruding themselves on the church, and in high places at that, are not only an outrage upon consistency, but they

harm the church and the church harms them by this tolerance."

The brethren opened their eyes with surprise at this deliverance, and were made to feel that the mantle of their former pastor, Reliabus Plodderman, had fallen on Soberton, and that he had permitted his deep thinking at last to come to the surface like pent-up fire,—indeed while he mused, the fire burned; then spake he with his tongue.

Brother Earnest Workley, another member of the Board, took up the subject at this point, and proposed to elaborate it by discussing the general unfitness of things in the choir, if the church was to continue a distinctive Christian institution.

Turning to Jacob Pointer, he inquired as to whether the choir leader had not somewhat annoyed their former pastor, Rev. Mr. Plodderman, in the matter of altering the order of service, which the pastor had provided.

Jacob replied: "I recollect, frequently, when Pastor Plodderman had arranged for some distinguished minister to occupy his pulpit, and for the reason the visitor was distinguished, should have all needed time, Pastor Plodderman abbreviated the service with that end in view, but choir leader Dudeley, knowing that the house would be filled to its utmost capacity to hear the

distinguished divine, provided an 'extra' to be sung by Miss Lillian Simperton, of the 'Warblers' Club.' Her solo had a lengthy prelude, and was itself long drawn out. When I spoke to Mr. Dudeley about the impropriety of the performance, and how it hampered the distinguished speaker who wished all thought concentrated upon his discourse, he replied: 'Well, 'twas a good opportunity to get the 'Warblers' Club' before the people.' I inquired if the solo was pertinent to the occasion. He answered, 'Oh, no; we are for the 'Warblers' Club.' I asked the leader if Miss Simperton's singing was in harmony with the occasion. He answered: 'She was not there for that purpose; she was there for the 'Warblers' Club.'"

Songer Harper said: "I noticed that performance myself, but did not know that it had impressed others as myself. Now that it is past, I can understand a remark that Reliabus Plodderman made a few days after the occurrence to the effect that he was becoming confused as to his proper place in the church, whether pastor, figure-head, wall plant, or only a convenient piece of furniture, neither ornamental nor useful."

"Miss Simperton," continued Songer Harper, "is never seen nor heard in our church or any other in Trymanburg, except 'on occasion.' The 'personals' in the next issue of the Trymanburg *Gazette* made much of

the 'warbler' from 'Warblers' Club.' The local editor was probably incompetent to report an able, eloquent and devout discourse, but a 'squib' appeared, saying that 'the Rev. Bishop Roundworld (whose name escaped the memory of the reporter), occupied the pulpit for Rev. Mr. Plodderman, the people hearing him with interest, and Miss Simperton, from the 'Warblers' Club,' with pleasure.' "

Before Miss Simperton left the choir loft, she wrote on the fly-leaf of her hymnal, "The Gates Ajar," and passed it over to Dudeley. He knew from the unspoken language that a message was meant, and, receiving it, replied in like manner with, "Watchman, what of the night?" returning the book to Miss Simperton. To the congregation, in appearance, all this was naught but choir business. Miss Simperton read the return message and replied just beneath Dudeley's hand, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," and, adding the song title, "Meet Me There," which, being interpreted, meant that Dudeley, leader of the church choir, would find Miss Simperton at the front gate at starlight, thus leaving Pastor Plodderman to find other singers for his evening service.

While this performance was going on, Miss Finny Wasppy was flirting with Dick Simperton, brother of Miss Simperton, in the audience through the medium

of sign language, in which the eyes played the principal part along with the facial art. Miss Clara Fuzleton and Miss Betsy Featherstone were passing notes of criticism, commendable or absurd, according to their likes and dislikes, on individuals who were unconscious of the proceedings, because gazing intently into the distinguished speaker's face. John Player and Peter Pretense were all this time drawing pictures of South Sea Islanders, and other Midway Plaisance scenery, while Mary Everheart, Jennie Goodyear and Henry Muchman, the only three who would walk down out of the choir on communion occasions to celebrate this sacrament of the church, marked their Bibles at first chapter of Job and sixth verse: "Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, *and Satan came also among them.*"

* * * * *

Speaking of church choirs, a local reporter in most any community could find much of interest for his paper if the janitor would give him liberty to fill his memorandum from the blank pages and leaves of the books from the average choir loft. Indeed an examination that would extend from choir loft to the front entrance of the church would tell a tale. An outsider said: "The very old Harry seems to be in the church." "No,

no," said his friend, who took a more scriptural way of accounting for things Satanic. "The devil is, indeed, in the church, but for no fault of the church." "How do you account for that?" asked the outsider. "This way," was the reply. "There is no better evidence of the presence of a true church as God planted it, nor stronger proof of the existence of the devil than these abominable things appearing on the fly-leaf of so many books for worship in the house of God. In the Garden of Eden, where the only image of God appeared, Satan appeared to put his mark on that image. Why not put his stamp on a book of pure songs? In Job's day Satan also came with the sons of God. His aim is to get in the seat of God that he may be called God. If a choir is to sing in the beauty of holiness and Satan can fill it with an unholy kind and sing accordingly, it is just like him to do so, and it is his Satanic delight when he gets church and preachers' consent to it. Christ is sad, but the devil is glad on all such occasions. It is just like the devil. A duet of singers where we were invited to spend a conference Sabbath led the singing. In this case it was necessary for the delectation of the audience, and the visiting minister in particular, that the program of worship be such that each singer render a solo, and the two a duet. The male soloist was a tobacco fumed German. (An Irishman was once dismissed by

his employer because drink had rendered him incompetent for the work desired. He asked for a good recommendation to the next man. The proprietor replied, "Pat, you know I cannot say you are a sober man." "And faith," said Pat, "an' your honor might say 'I was frequently sober.'" This German chorister was "frequently sober.") Hair cut pompadour, it pompadoured all over his head alike. The intonation of his solo was, indeed, an improvement on a fog horn in variation only. The protrusion of his wide open eyes was equivalent to a stare from some sudden fright. His visage, stare and pompadour combined were as if he had been suddenly met by a ghost, and that he believed it to be a sure enough ghost. What he sang this pen doth not pen. They say it was not German. I am sure it was not English. This was palmed off on the patient congregation for impressiveness in song. The lady's solo was a labored contest with high keys with corresponding facial contortions. Its language was seemingly a conglomeration. Following the brief prayer at the close of the sermon came the duet. It seemed to the preacher a combination of the preceding solos with a double charge of what had gone before. Nervousness was visible in the congregation, and in preacher, too, until in basso profundo style the male voice sang in distinguishable English the last sentence of the song, "Be not Afraid,"

repeated by a modification and softening of tone by the lady, "Be not afraid." With this assurance by the singers that nothing serious was happening, congregation and preacher subsided into quietude of mind, doxology was sung by the people, benediction pronounced and the "singers" tarried for congratulations, but these being tardy, Mr. and Miss Soloist Duetist gathered their books and departed. Is this picture overdrawn? We have seen the like more than once.

After listening to this remarkable performance, which some people call singing, we wondered what the result would have been if instead of a solo and duet, there had been a "chorus choir" put up on pompadour vocal altitudes.

The *San Francisco Argonaut* was once caught in the presence of such an exhibition and the poetic spell possessed it, and the following is what appeared; the poet slanderously names his poem "*The Village Choir*," but the picture drawn in this account did not occur in a village, but in the second city in the nation, and in one of its average churches; but the poem,

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward!
Into an awful ditch
Choir and precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch,
They led the "Old Hundred."

Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
 Bellowed and thundered,
Oh, that precentor's look,
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook
 From the "Old Hundred!"

Screeched all the trebles here,
Boggled the tenors there,
Raising the parson's hair,
 While his mind wandered;
Theirs not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high;
Theirs but to gasp and cry
 Out the "Old Hundred."
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
 Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yell,
Not wise they sang nor well,
Drowning the sexton's bell,
 While all the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare,
Flashed his pitchfork in air,
Sounding fresh keys to bear
 Out the "Old Hundred."
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack
 Himself he Sundered.
Tenors to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind him
 Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought;
Right to the end they fought!
Some tune they sang, but not—
 Not the "Old Hundred."

Chapter V.

“CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER.”

The first Monday night in the next month came round and Pastor Tanglefoot found himself once more with his officary.

The brethren had not seen much of him since their last interview and in the interest of peace each seemed to think that the best course to pursue at the present meeting was to listen to the usual questions and answers, and confine the business to the consideration of such matters as they might suggest. Having mutually agreed that what they could not help they would endure, they concluded to be seen by Pastor Tanglefoot more than heard. The “snap shot” prayer by the pastor certainly possessed the merit of brevity, and the meeting was ready for business. To the question, “Are there any that are sick?” the pastor answered, “I have been much among the people since our last board meeting, and have happened upon no sick people.” To the next, “Are there any who need temporal relief?” he answered, “The pastor himself would feel much relieved if the

wherewith was forthcoming that would enable him more liberally to supply his temporal needs."

The moving expenses of the pastor had been paid promptly on his arrival, the first and second month showed on the treasurer's book no delinquency, but the end of the quarter just closing indicated an ominous falling off in receipts. But the tart had been placed on the cookie and results would shortly show up.

"Too previous," whispered Jacob Pointer, in the ear of Brother Soberton. It was quite manifest that there was something in the air. Question three, "Are there any who walk disorderly and will not be reproofed?" was waived by the pastor with the following explanation: "Times change; feelings change; and what might have been called *disorderly* by the fathers, and needful for reproof, passes current today as admissible or permissible, and prudential reasons at least suggest a suspension of judgment upon some so-called improprieties, hoping that when the General Conference convenes it will so alter the law of the church as not to embarrass progressive and liberal pastors in the administration of rules that by the very advance of the times are rendered obsolete. The church must adjust itself to 'progressive people.'"

Zachariah Soberton kept silent. Songer Harper's pent-up feelings were restrained. Jacob Pointer did

not by his silence wish to be considered as giving assent to the pastor's remarks, but inquired of Pastor Tanglefoot, as if to divert attention from a question, which, if mooted, would precipitate a repetition of their experience of one month ago. "Have you inquired of our class leaders for information concerning the sick? Our saintly Mother Sunshine is very near death's door." The pastor replied: "I have concluded to do much on the outside of our membership and by coming into touch with men of the world attach them to myself and indirectly to the church. I find I am especially adapted for this kind of work, and by it may at least hope for an increased attendance upon our services, if not a growth in the number of our membership. Besides, the presence of serious sickness and suffering, very much affect me nervously, so that my feelings are averse to work which exposes me to mental distress."

Seeing that there was danger of further tanglements with the pastor, the brethren thus early in the year felt that they had a burden to carry, and great care was necessary, that they did not of themselves increase it.

At this point Pastor Tanglefoot suggested that they also waive the other questions and come to the consideration of a matter that had weighed heavily on his mind since their last meeting, and without motion proceeded to set aside the order of business and directed affairs

into the channel of his own thinking. He explained how he had come to be sent to Trymanburg, and how the community itself would feel the uplift, if but a name could be given their church indicative of its mission, and now he was fully persuaded that "First M. E. Church" did not cover the case. He argued that *First* M. E. and *First* Presbyterian; and *First* Congregational and *First* Baptist were only declarations of being ahead of somebody who would come along after awhile, or that the title could be interpreted to mean that each church claiming it sat in the highest seat. He would avoid titles that suggest invidious comparisons. He had fully concluded, and gave notice accordingly, that his church from thence forward should be designated by a title indicative of its mission in the world and christened it "Church of the Redeemer." This finished the business of the official meeting and the pastor adjourned the brethren. Throwing his coat loosely over his shoulder and putting on his crush hat, and with portfolio under his arm, the pastor walked off with an air of lofty satisfaction that his official duties had been faithfully and authoritatively performed.

The brethren did not tarry as before to wear away the big hours of the night only to continue their wakefulness by giving an account to their wives explanatory

of their belatement home, but proceeded to separate with the passing salutation, "Church of the Redeemer!" with an emphasis on the "Redeemer," as if to say, "Redeemer, Redeem us!"

Chapter VI.

THE DEADLY ANTITHESIS.

We have frequently heard of deadly parallels, but this chapter in the life and work of Timothy Tanglefoot has to do with a deadly antithesis. The next issue of the *Trymanburg Gazette* editorially noted the change of the name of our church in that place. Those passing by also noted the new and elegantly prepared sign that perched above the portals and reading, "Church of the Redeemer," cast about to see if they had not absent-mindedly found themselves in another part of the town, or for that matter, transported to some other town. Dazed for a moment, they scarcely knew what to think, when relief from their confusion came, for the pastor's tablet appeared underneath the window of his study in beautifully gilded letters, "Church of the Redeemer, Rev. Timothy Tanglefoot, Pastor." This located the confused passerby. It was the "First Methodist Episcopal Church" of Trymanburg, called by another name—only this and nothing more.

Strange as it may seem, late as it had become in the

season, Pastor Tanglefoot, who was making for himself some renown, had not yet been "received." The brethren seemed to have been occupied with more serious matter and had overlooked this courtesy. But now just how far they would go in the matter came within the realm of surmising. A majority had settled down in the feeling that since things had gone as far as they had and the season was well on or passed when it could be done with good effect, better say nothing about it. Not so the admirers of Tanglefoot, for he had his following. These having heard of the divergence of opinion between their idol and the pillars of the church, concluded that for this reason, if for no other, he must be "received." Accordingly it was so determined.

It was, however, concluded that it should occur at the residence of Col. and Mrs. Hannibal Pompadour and Pompadour, Jr., and Miss Pompadour, who figured much on "state occasions," would be surety against failure in the "reception." It was also concluded that Tanglefoot's choir and such friends as they might wish to invite would be highly representative for the occasion. Quite certain it should have about it no air of the "common herd." The absence of the official brethren seemed to be quite conspicuous. They were neither consulted, nor invited. It was plain to see they were not in it. Here

is a representative church affair with the church left out.

There was quite a company of young people, but "*our* young people" were conspicuously absent. It seemed as if their election, or rather arbitrary appointment, by the pastor to the office of spectators of chorus performances and ceremonial gesticulations began to be felt in many directions, and by common consent they reasoned that they could be but "spectators" in the "reception."

Tanglefoot was the observed of all observers; the admired of all admirers. Miss Lillian Simperton with a simper all her own, said: "I think he is *so* nice." Miss Pansie Blossom said: "I think he's just *awful* good." Miss Pompadour said: "I think he's *perfectly lovely*." "Yes," said Pompadour, Jr., "he's *it*." Jack Whipple-tree, from Sportville, said to Miss Simperton: "Tanglefoot's a *daisy*." Miss Louise Bloomerton said: "Well, he'll reach us young folks," to which Miss Essie Piedoe responded: "Perfectly captivating," and Bess Loveless with a sly wink, said: "Me, too." Miss Husselman remarked: "He is Shakesperian in style." This latter remark was suggested by the fact that Miss Husselman, during Tanglefoot's college days, prevailed on him to attend the entertainments given at the opera house in his college town by the unrivalled Shakesperian reader,

the great Mlls. Imitatus, of the classic city of Florence, Italy, assuring him that it would be of great service to him in his ministry. He became so enamored of these renderings of Shakespeare that from the beginning he sought to show the people how much superior the gospel appears when preached after the fashion of St. Shakespeare.

The hand-shaking by way of welcome was after the manner* of a "select" company. Gentlemen giving a passing shake, gave abbreviated compliments, "We welcome you, Mr. Tanglefoot, to be with us this year and hope you may remain the full allotment of time—a lifetime—sure."

The ladies tarried longer with more fulsome words of welcome. Tanglefoot had two styles of handshaking. With gentlemen he encircled simply the fingers with his right hand, while with the left resting on the shoulder he could give emphasis to the formal grip.

With ladies his grip was governed by circumstances. If weeds of mourning appeared, he would find room for the lady's whole hand to rest with full grasp in his palm. With the other, passing from the shoulder down the arm he would simultaneously press hand and arm until his left hand descended to the right and with the lady's hand in both of his, he gave a double impressiveness to his words of sympathy. This style was not popular with

some, while others gave evidence that they rather liked it. But with all apparent sincerity it seemed to bode tanglements among his friends, into the meshes of which he was sure to be drawn; for in his social intercourse there was one person who liked this process of cordial greeting, who, in her secret heart, demurred when that which seemed particularly hers to enjoy, and indeed to monopolize, was shared by more than twenty others. It was not long before the remark become common, "What a handshaker Mr. Tanglefoot is!" for forty eyes to begin with seeing through a glass darkly, began to declare that they could now with open vision see things more clearly. Miss Keener said to Miss Lighter: "I do wonder if Mr. Tanglefoot shakes hands with everybody alike." Miss Lighter said in reply that Miss Simperton said that Miss Pompadour told her that her sister said that Jennie Winkle told her that several ladies from sixteen up to thirty told her that "Mr. Tanglefoot had some queer ways about him, but they all thought he was so nice, and he was such a jolly fellow that the least said about it the better." So they all admired Mr. Tanglefoot, but it was evident that the watch was on.

After the formal reception was over, light refreshments were served. A program not lengthy, but sufficient to occupy the time, was provided.

Miss Lillian Simperton was an elocutionist as well

as a singer. She was a success in an "agony." In "fainting" she was an expert. In a "picture of despair" she was "perfectly lovely." She rendered "The Raven" from Pastor Tanglefoot's pulpit and he declared that he coveted her gifts and graces. If he had but these he would be satisfied with "only this and nothing more." This she rendered at the "reception," and some one moved to have it repeated at the evening service next Sabbath; Tanglefoot put the motion and it was carried unanimously. For a variation at the reception "Simon says Thumbs Up" was thrown in. Then one of the Pompadour sisters and her brother sang as a duet "Passing Through the Rye." Then the Misses Keener and Lighter stood before the pastor as an object lesson to illustrate the song and sang "Your Necktie's Up Behind," Tanglefoot acting his part of the song. When the clapping of hands had ceased, which followed, most every one said, "He's such a *funny* man! I guess he'll do."

Some one at this moment played a waltz on the piano and by that peculiar understanding familiar to experts of such occasions, the company divided into partners and the evening went merrily on. This closed the "reception." Informal sociability prevailed, in which those that admired Tanglefoot's way of shaking hands came around for a second shake, encouraged to make a closer approach and more familiar acquaintance. The

first was Miss Simperton. He congratulated her upon her singing; now it was her dancing that received his fulsome praise. He admired her elegant form, and the way she "got herself up;" her graceful movement, and ease of bearing. His eyes met hers as the tribute was paid, which she received with all thanks, and trusted that their acquaintance and friendship, which seemed to be mutual, might be more extended. "With delight, thank you," was his prompt reply. And it was, as time will reveal.

And so it went on to the end of the chapter; but better that the chapter had never been born.

After the pastor had been "received" it was concluded, for the benefit of the choir, that this "representative" gathering would hold a "fair." It was announced in the next issue of the *Trymanburg Gazette*, which also contained a fulsome account of the pastor's "reception."

The official brethren began to talk and act as if their occupation was gone. The "Committee on Music" felt that they did not want to be responsible for the "music in the air" that was now flying about with discordant notes everywhere. They were, however, relieved of all responsibility by being informed with dignity by the pastor that the law of the church provided for such a committee in case the pastor desired it, but in this case

the pastor did not desire it, and the committee was excused.

The *Gazette's* notice of the fair ran thus:

“CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER

Will Hold a Fair!

WARBLERS' CLUB

Will Entertain with Catchy Songs!

The Guild of

ST. JEHOSEPHAT

Will Dispense Taffy! Ben Hur's Sprites and Butterfly

Dances will be given! An Affair which the

ELITE

Of Trymanburg can enjoy!

Entertainment! Entertainment!! Entertainment!!!

Don't you forget it! Given by the

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER!

Dudeley and Pompadour, Managers!

Rev. Timothy Tanglefoot, Pastor and Manager-in-Chief.”

At the Sabbath morning service following the above notice, there was a visible decrease in the audience. The collections were becoming meager, and more so as the Sabbaths passed. There was a visible increase of those in attendance not known to have attended anywhere be-

fore except the Sunday base ball game at Countryman's park outside of the city limits, but the sensible, solid business men of Trymanburg were conspicuous for their absence. Mr. A. J. Gaily, who was a brother-in-law to the church—his wife being a member—remained at home reading his wife's church paper. Mr. Wesley Muchley and his wife sauntered over to the "Mission" that Rev. Reliabus Plodderman had planted when he had been pastor in Trymanburg, and which now showed signs of animation since new helpers were coming in. There was, however, quite an increase at "the Church of the Redeemer" in the number of that peculiar class who never have any abiding place, but go where "attracted." They are a "peculiar people," but not a "royal priesthood," hard to classify or name, except they are known by what river men call "floaters." They are certainly about as useless, for a "floater" is a dead man.

The janitor reported fuel for the church furnace exhausted. His own pay was back and he must lay in winter supplies since mid-winter is now on. It was noted that the "crowd" that had been "attracted" made signs toward the collection baskets, but just what the contributions amounted to the universal delinquency gave hurtful testimony. It was the "cheapest" crowd that ever entered that particular church in Trymanburg.

and there was not a redeeming feature about it, though they were now sailing under the banner of the significant title, "Church of the Redeemer." The brethren were determined to pay their debts, if they had to borrow money to do it. This they did, saying that they would wait for better times when they would square up accounts. But it was like the starvation policy of college scholarships that helped present incumbents of college professorships to bridge over financial straits, but came with crushing weight upon the shoulders of their successors when youngsters presented their claims for education, the money for which had gone into other pockets long years gone by. So likewise this hit hard the successor of Tanglefoot and brought double sacrifice on the church.

Chapter VII.

THAT FAIR.

Pastor Tanglefoot announced "official meeting" for Monday night. Special call. Important business.

The members of the Board were out in force. But they came with the query in mind, "What next?" The pastor stated to the brethren that as the object of the call did not come within the compass of the disciplinary questions, they would omit the formality of prayer. If the Secretary saw fit to make a minute of the meeting, he could do so. He might, however, omit the permanent record of the proceedings, as the matter in hand would not go into that part of church work desirable to be known as historical.

"We will proceed to appoint committees," said the pastor, "who will take in hand the responsible work of 'The Fair' that the 'Church of the Redeemer' provided for at the 'reception' tendered their pastor."

There was a solemn silence.

"I took the liberty," said the pastor, "to recognize the wish of those present at the 'reception,' being a class of young people I wish to reach, to hold a fair with other attractions and concluded that the Board would be in harmony with my purpose, which was certainly a laudable one." Silence, becoming painful, continued.

"It was a very *select* affair, and I was very much gratified with the cordiality with which they received me, and with the nearness with which they approached me, and their very flattering words of appreciation of me."

Silence continued.

"I am sorry," resumed Timothy, "that through modesty, or lack of appreciation of my methods in reaching outsiders, as well as to bring in a little revenue, you seem reluctant to give a word of approval." At this there was visible movement, but principally by way of glances at each other, but they all inwardly felt that they were committed to the gold standard of silence. Seeing this, Pastor Tanglefoot resumed the subject for which this special meeting of the Board was called.

He said: "This matter has gone too far for recall and it is needful for further procedure that at least semi-official sanction be given the laudable undertaking or it will greatly embarrass those kindly disposed toward the

enterprise and who had the goodness to set it in motion by calling public attention to it."

The brethren still waited for the spirit to move them for up to this moment it had been as quiet as a Quaker meeting except when Pastor Tanglefoot broke the silence. Tanglefoot tried again. "It is really necessary for the Board to give this undertaking their sanction, or those who originated the matter will have to drop it, and the 'Church of the Redeemer' must not prove itself wanting in its friendship for worldly people."

With this prodding by the pastor, Zachariah Sober-ton became spokesman for the Board, and while he was a long time in starting, nothing could stop him until he had reached his finish. So once again while he mused the fire burned. Then spake he with his tongue and it came from the abundance of the heart.

He said (with index finger pointed at his pastor, as if to say, now listen): "Brother Tanglefoot, please tell us who originated this whole business you have taken in hand. The officary knew nothing of it till they saw its announcement in the *Trymanburg Gazette*."

Pastor Tanglefoot replied: "The array of names that tendered me the reception closed the pleasant occasion with an item of business that ended by a vote that unanimously determined on a fair."

Soberton replied: "Do you not think that if that company determined on a fair that it is their affair and none of ours?"

To this Pastor Tanglefoot replied: "They desire at least the sanction of their action by the 'Church of the Redeemer.'"

"Which means to say," said Soberton, "that that *party* wants to make, like the monkey in the fable, a cat's paw of the church to pull their chestnuts out of the fire."

Tanglefoot said: "When worldly people desire to do something for the church we ought to recognize the favor."

Bro. Soberton: "You have, with this peculiar following, concluded to have a fair, and without consulting the brethren of the officary, or of the church in non-official relations, have gone ahead and advertised some of its *drawing* features, which are plainly forbidden in the Word of God and our Book of Discipline, and you ask us to ignore all these in deference to a crowd that would at the crook of your finger ignore us all, if it were not for the fact that they are put in prominence by what you are pleased to call 'the Church of the Redeemer.'"

Tanglefoot, somewhat stirred: "Brother Soberton, you forget—you forget—"

Brother Soberton: "Forget what?"

Brother Tanglefoot: "Oh, well, let us reason together. Here is a company of not bad people—not good—ought to be saved, and you would drive them away if they knew of this hesitancy by the Board to adopt their scheme, and—"

Brother Soberton—"I am in favor of saving every one of them, but I am opposed to their coming in by any other way than the door. I need not repeat the estimate placed upon such persons by the Christ you are supposed to preach. Already by permission of him who was sent to us to be our shepherd, honors and recognitions faithfully merited by the young people of our church, you have taken away and given to others."

Tanglefoot—"Brother Soberton, you astonish me that you talk to your pastor in such a way, who has been appointed to stand at the head of affairs in 'the Church of the Redeemer.'"

Soberton—"But you seem to overlook, Pastor Tanglefoot, the fact that stewards have rights and duties a pastor is bound to respect, not the least of which is to inform the pastor of points of weakness or failure in his administration, and you are making a serious blunder at this point."

Tanglefoot—"Please state the blunder."

Soberton—"Well, my brother, here it is: You know that what an agent does is taken for the act of the firm he represents. Here you have organized a *firm*, and you ask us to act as its agent, and hence what we as agents do is the world's business, and the church—of the Redeemer in particular—is forbidden of God to go into the business of the world; and you ask us to give our official sanction to a thing that has been foisted upon us by 'the children of this world,' and we refuse to reverse the whole order of God's economy to win the favor of those whose friendship is as fickle and cold as March winds; and who are already proving disadvantageous to us."

Tanglefoot—"What do you mean by that charge?"

Soberton—"I mean to say that our congregation is leaving us; the few faithful ones who cling to our service are painfully embarrassed to keep things a-going, and you must answer for yourself the question, why is it that these, your admirers, have permitted this delinquency, though at times they fill our aisles and gallery?"

Pastor Tanglefoot confessed that there was a serious falling off in every way; and as for the prayer meeting, none of this following were seen present except Miss Lillian Simperton, who always sat near the door and at the close of the service was greeted cordially by the pastor, and who sauntered with him leisurely down the

avenue to the parsonage, where Mrs. Tanglefoot had remained on account of indisposition. The nature of their conversation none could divine because of its occurring in too close quarters for inquisitive ears. They lingered awhile at the gate, but when two of the Sunday school girls out on an errand on their way homeward came tripping by, recognizing Miss Simperton, called her by name and tarried long enough to ask Pastor Tanglefoot how Mrs. Tanglefoot's sick headache was, they adjourned the starlight conference in haste. Tanglefoot bethought himself and resumed his reply to Soberton.

He said: "Now, there is the Rec. Doctor Doneitburg, a transfer to the pastorate of Temple Church, corner of Grace and Fidelity streets; what a wonderful man he is to *draw*. Standing room is at a premium. How much better that than empty seats!"

Soberton—"You admit that the element of curiosity had something to do in drawing the crowd."

Tanglefoot—"Oh, yes, better that than not at all."

Soberton—"Doubted."

Tanglefoot—"Why so?"

Soberton—"Were there conversions during that pastorate?"

Tanglefoot—"No."

Soberton—"Did the crowd remain when Doctor Done-itburg was transferred elsewhere?"

Tanglefoot—"I have been informed that there was quite a falling off."

Soberton—"Where did they go?"

Tanglefoot—"There was a star preacher over at 400 Bigger street and his house suddenly filled up."

Soberton—"My brother-in-law is treasurer of Grace and Fidelity Street Church, and he told me that at the expiration of less than five years pastorate of Dr. Done-itburg, their incidentals were \$3,000 in arrears, and all this occurring during the largest attendance within the history of the church, but by a class of curiosity hunters that did not pay for the seats they occupied, and for the fire that warmed them. In other words they were church tramps and were there on very much the same principle that dead beats are at a church festival when the sign 'admittance free' is hung out over the door. They come just as flies fill an empty sugar barrel in summer time, but, unlike flies, they take no sweetness away."

Tanglefoot—"Brother Soberton, I do wish you would address me in more respectful terms."

Soberton—"Give your brethren to whom you look for liberal support more respectful treatment. You

seem to be inclined to let the people of the world, such as the 'Warblers' Club' and 'Butterfly Guild' and their following have inside influence with you, but accuse your brethren wrongfully when they do not pay the bills."

Tanglefoot—"See here, my brother, there was the *First Church* at the corner of Century and Cactus streets, of which Doctor Mothersmiter was pastor. It was at that time the largest in the city of great affairs. It was packed from corner to corner, gallery and all. Dr. Mothersmiter was 'broad' and 'liberal,' and his tender soul was often afflicted that when he would show up the weaknesses of the churches—especially the orthodox churches—some one or more of the sons of orthodoxy would smite back—and it very much pained his sensitive nature."

Soberton—"Doctor Mothersmiter seems to have a desire to monopolize the 'smiting' business. I think he is rightly named, for the church he smote most was his own mother and when this 'tender' smiting youngster was once exercising his gifts and graces in smiting his mother, patience ceased to be a virtue, and she turned aside from her usual avocation, took off her ecclesiastical slipper in true maternal style and administered the spanking so faithfully that the boy turned up some-

where away from home when next heard from. When asked how it was that he found himself ousted, he puckered up his mouth and cried, 'Mother isn't liberal. It is very painful to my sensitive nature to be smitten the way mother does it.' I suppose if Doctor Mothersmiter had been in Africa, or India, where a boy is not considered a man till he has whipped his mother, he would be considered quite a hero, ranking very high. Your remark, dear pastor, savors of the sentiment popular in certain circles, that it is a manly preacher that has courage to smite his mother, who gave him his possibilities, and opportunities and prominence."

(The minister who assumes the evangelical name, yet preaches liberal doctrines, is far from being honest and honorable. He takes orthodox money, but gives in return negative, destructive and rationalistic pabulum. He spins out speculations and theories about this and that in philosophy, economics, science, literature, and religion, and claims to be an up-to-date man, when the position which he occupies, the vows which he has taken, and the needs of the people whom he serves demand of him a pure gospel ministry. He may attract attention for awhile by his outgivings, but he cannot enjoy the blessing of God upon his mission or his labors. Soon his popularity will wane, and the public will lose

respect for him. To be a power for good and to command abiding favor with God and man, he who wears the evangelistic garb must be true to his profession and principles.)—*The Presbyterian*.

Tanglefoot—"Please, Brother Soberton, do not accuse me of heathenism."

Soberton—"I did not intend it so; it was your logic and that of your conduct that suggested the illustration; would not have thought of it, if you had not suggested it."

Tanglefoot—"I began to tell you about Doctor Mothersmiter and his audience, and how popular he was with the public press, which was largely found standing in with him as against the church, and what a drawing card he was."

Soberton—"I suppose 'drawing card' is a classic phrase familiar with the 'select' company whose chief entertainment is 'progressive euchre,' but hardly belongs to churchly classics."

Tanglefoot—"I did not intend to convey that idea."

Soberton—"No, I suppose not, but force of habit and the company a man keeps, like murder, will out."

Tanglefoot—"Well, then, what objection can you have to Doctor Mothersmiter's method of *drawing*?"

Soberton—"Much every way, but chiefly because it is a one-sided affair. When a minister goes into the business of drawing Tom, Dick and Harry—and old Harry, too—by driving away or repelling his flock, there is ground for complaint, and necessity for plainly making it known. Tell us, Brother Tanglefoot, what report did Doctor Mothersmither give of the *state of the church* when the Presiding Elder came on his quarterly visitation?"

Tanglefoot—"Big crowds."

Soberton—"How largely were the social services attended?"

Tanglefoot—"Do not recollect of hearing."

Soberton—"I am credibly informed that he permitted the Sunday school to take care of itself, scarcely ever giving it a thought, or his personal attention or presence. As for class meetings, a dozen saintly mothers and two men, one a local preacher and the other there because he loved his mother, constituted the showing. The prayer meetings held in mid-week, having out of a membership of eight hundred, sometimes a dozen and occasionally fifteen in attendance. The shepherd was not smitten, but the sheep were scattered all the same, for the want of a shepherd and not a hireling."

Tanglefoot—"I do not see how that could be when such *crowds* waited on his ministry."

Soberton—"He *drew the crowd* just as the boy we spoke of in a heathen country would *draw*, who whipped his mother. There are in a large city a sufficiently large class of people who will pack any auditorium, no matter how large, to witness a prize fight. When the prize fight is transferred to the pulpit, and the theological pugilist puts his mother in the ring and sets to knocking her down, there is a crowd, probably a little more respectable, but not much, who will rush out to see the free performance. After he has pounded his mother to his heart's content, she walks in and takes the slipper to her refractory son and he soon finds himself like a man out of a job; and ask him why the light of his countenance has fallen, and he will tell you, 'mother did it.' All the popularity that survives his escapade is contained in the widespread reputation which he made for himself, 'He whipped his mother.' No man of that type will ever want for a *crowd*. You can always set it down that he will '*draw*.'"

Tanglefoot—"I think, Brother Soberton, that you are exceedingly uncharitable."

Soberton—"Pastor Tanglefoot, I am fast becoming

convinced that you do not know what genuine Christian charity is."

Tanglefoot—"Do you mean to insult my intelligence?"

Soberton—"No, sir; but listen. Now, there was the Rev. Doctor Rykerdon, pastor of a very prominent church in Chatmouth. One day he felt that he owed his Sunday school boys an outing, and the Teneyman river being near, they went a fishing. Occupying a position on the edge of a large bank of driftwood that protruded into the river, they sat there waiting for a 'bite.' Fearing that the time would become monotonous, he undertook to entertain the boys by telling Bible stories. He began with the story of Joseph and the coat of many colors. 'Oh, yes, we know where that is in the Bible,' chimed in a half dozen of the boys and before he could say another word, each boy told the story as well as he could himself. Finally he began another about Daniel in the den of lions, which resulted about as before. Seeing that the boys were posted in Bible history, he concluded that he must find something outside the Bible of which they had not heard. While quietly thinking what it should be, one of the boys with considerable animation shouted, 'Say, Mr. Rykerdon, doesn't the Bible say we must love our enemies?' 'Yes,' answered the preacher. 'Isn't whisky our enemy?' asked the boy. 'Yes, it

is, sure,' said the preacher. 'Well, then, does the Bible mean we must love whisky?' Dr. Rykerdon found himself confused by the boy's pert logic, and while waiting to see what sort of a reply to make, another boy put in the answer, 'If the Bible does say we are to love our enemy, it don't say we are to *swallow* him.' Pastor Tanglefoot, you and that boy would not agree, for you seem to be possessed with the notion that in order to love these people of the world we must *swallow* them."

Tanglefoot—"Preserve your level, Brother Sober-ton."

Sober-ton—"I am, sir. If you hold up the Rev. Dr. Mothersmiter as a most admirable clergyman for our admiration, and for emulation by such as yourself, I wish to say to you that Rev. Reliabus Plodderman, our previous pastor, followed him in that self same church where he had been so popular in the pastorate to which you allude, and found a debt of seventeen thousand dollars with accumulated interest, to which Dr. Mothersmiter had not given a thought, and arrears on the running expenses of the church of between five and six thousand dollars more. So it turns out that your second illustration is worst than the first."

Tanglefoot—"Brother Sober-ton, you will see stars."

before you will convince the world of the correctness of your position."

Soberton—"I expect to be among the stars, too, before it is convinced. I am not around convincing an unconvincible world. The carnal mind is at enmity against God; is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be."

Tanglefoot—"My brother, the world is against you."

Soberton—"Then, in the language of John Knox, in reply to some one who said the same thing to him, 'I am against the world.'"

Tanglefoot—"Brother Soberton, have you ever given the subject of popular amusements a reasonable study?"

Soberton—"I have, and prayed God to enlighten my reason. Not possessed of infallibility, I have asked God's guidance in this matter."

Tanglefoot—"What did God say to you?"

This question had in it a tartness that stung Soberton to the quick, as it was evidently designed to do, and to provoke him off his mental base; but he possessed his soul in patience.

Soberton—"My dear pastor, enduring the intended smart, permit me to say in the presence of the brethren

who have put the burden of our defense upon me, that if you will place in order the best defense of your action which you and yours took the other night, and the reasons why he should ratify that action, I will in all candor with an effort of reasonableness, show you wherein you err. In other words, we will parallel our claims."

Pastor Tanglefoot was somewhat embarrassed by this fervent and respectful proposition, and he must accept it, or it would be impossible to give an account of himself to those who had a claim upon him as a ministerial votary of the world. Had there been ten or twenty years of unbroken experience in faithful pastoral service this sad tendency toward the disintegration of a talented life would not have lifted its hand against his brethren. But he was what some would call a smart young man, and probably his great misfortune was that he himself knew it. That fraction of society having most charms for him had no difficulty in securing his accession to their ranks. He only lacked opportunity, and that was early forthcoming. With antecedents in an entirely opposite direction, he finds himself without anchor, ship afloat, rudder gone, compass and chart swallowed by social sharks. But he accepts the defense which Soberton challenges, and

makes a plea that the "Church of the Redeemer" must come in close touch with the people of the world,—that world that furnishes mental and moral nutriment, such as we have described on the occasion of Pastor Tanglefoot's "reception."

The parallel was a measure of swords by the church and the world; and in this case, as in its most dangerous assaults on true religion, the votary of the world was clad in clerical cloth—Satan among the sons of God.

The Secretary of the Board at this point, discovering to what lengths the controversy had been carried, suggested an adjourned meeting, and that the next meeting be given to this particular subject now fully placed on the shoulders of Soberton and Tanglefoot for settlement. It was agreed to without much debate, for it afforded a breathing spell for all. It was impossible to prevent the rumor getting abroad of conflict in the Board. As in all such, sides are taken by the people, as affinity is a law of heaven as well as of nature, so saint and sinner will be divided in judgment along its lines. Thus the sheep and goats take their naturally allotted sides. But to prevent confusion and probable disturbance, it was determined that the attendance should be strictly limited to the pastor

and his officary, and that the thread of the contention should be taken up at the point where they were now laying it down. Thus agreed—the only thing agreed upon in that whole year, the Board adjourned to meet at 7:30 o'clock next evening.

There was quite a desire by the following of Timothy to be spectators of the coming fray, but as the officary had been in divers manners disrespected an “executive session” would have been moved in order that further indignity might not be suffered.

It is a marvel in its way how people who are rarely seen at regular church services because of “corns” or “bunions” that painfully impede locomotion, can wear out sole leather in tireless and painless gadding and gossip, and can promptly pack a church vestry before all other comers to see the “circus” in shape of a church quarrel. As clearly as in the science of geology we have distinct specimens, so in the science of sociology do we have this distinct specimen described.

Chapter VIII.

THE ADJOURNED MEETING OF THE BOARD.

We have spoken in the previous chapter of a "deadly antithesis." What followed when the adjourned meeting of the Board had convened may be called by this title, but its better cognomen might be a "Battle at Broadsides."

According to parliamentary usages Soberton would have the opening shot, for he had issued the challenge to his pastor, but Tanglefoot, who felt himself responsible for the fray, having precipitated it, opened the way for the contest. Then, again, there are some men who know no other place than in the lead, otherwise they prefer obscurity. Tanglefoot was not a "born leader." He was constitutionally otherwise, and therein came all his tanglements. It is now time for the contest to begin. The Board is in session.

<p><i>Tanglefoot</i>—"The world naturally loves <i>fun</i> and <i>frolic</i> and if the church</p>	<p><i>Soberton</i>—"Natural love for fun and frolic, even with animals, is under</p>
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does not provide these, Satan will. This disposition is the property of all animal existence, mankind no exception."

T.—"The world has always sought fun and frolic and always will. This fact proves a demand that must be supplied."

T.—"The antiquity of these things gives justifiable credence of their practice."

T.—"But plays for the amusement of the popu-

law. If this were not so the 'common herd' would be useless for all else. The colt must be 'broken' and not be always useless on the range with fun and frolic."

S.—"Love not the world, neither the things of the world: if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.' The world has always loved sin, therefore the demand should be supplied! the Word to the contrary notwithstanding."

S.—"Then the antiquity of sin is its sanctification. A wrong thing is not sanctified by antiquity."

S.—"The amusement business of the ancients

lace have been known from time immemorial among ancients. I think the 'play house' must come or the church go into the amusement business as a part of its work."

kept them in the swaddling bands of intellectual and moral infancy. "The theater took its origin three thousand years ago,—probably among the Greeks 600 years before Christ. It took its rise from the songs and dances with which the feasts of Bacchus were celebrated. At first the stage was a perambulating cart, and actors were mountebank mimics. It had at this time but little influence, but the little it had was bad.' "*"

T.—"I do not understand why it is that you must assail the morals of this institution, for by so

S.—"Among the seven wisest sages of Greece was Solon, the law giver of Athens. He prohib-

*Hatfield, Collier, Thompson.

doing you must assume to assail the morals of those who are its patrons.

T.—"But explain how it is that you must associate the theater and immorality. It seems to me that you tread on delicate ground."

ited theatricals on the ground that they 'were pernicious to popular morals.' "

S.—"I am not responsible for the point you make in your question. It is an evasion. We are dealing with *facts*, and for their responsibility we call the votaries of these things into court. 'Four hundred years before Christ *Plato* taught that plays raised the passions and perverted them.' He says again, 'The diversions of the stage are dangerous to temperance and sobriety; they swell anger and desire too much. Tragedy is apt to make men boisterous, and comedy, buffoons.

Thus those passions are cherished which ought to be checked. Virtue loses ground and reason grows precarious.' "

T.—“Well, this is a free country, and if we are to deprive the people of their liberty, good by church. Whenever the church assumes the office of dictator, it will lose its grip. I am a latitudinarian on the question of worldly pleasures and popular amusements.”

T.—“Popular opinion ought to have the force of law with us in this thing. *Vox populi vox Dei* ought to hold as good doctrine.

S.—“You misstate the case. These people are outside of the church and the church does not assume to control their action. But in the church people subscribe to our rule. I am maintaining our own standard. You would force another on us. The church will maintain more of a hold on a sensible world by maintaining its consistency.”

S.—“*Vox Dei vox populi* is a safer version. The voice of God should be the voice of the people is the safer sentiment. Pop-

It means that the voice of the people is the voice of God. I am very much disposed to stand on premises of this kind."

T.—"Well, if we could allow those things brought in and throw around them the refining, preserving and sacred influence of religion and of the church it would elevate them and thus we could be helpful to their votaries."

ular opinion is fickle and changeable. And as to law Aristotle says: 'The law ought to forbid young people the seeing of comedies, till age and discipline have confirmed them in sobriety, fortified their virtue, and made them as it were, proof against debauchery.' .

S.—"Livy, in speaking of the origin of plays among Romans, says, '*They were brought in on the score of religion, to pacify the gods, and remove mortality. The remedy in this case was worse than the disease, and the atonement more infectious than the plague.*' So you see your theory was exploded two thousand years ago."

T.—"Why, sir, among the most costly and beautiful temples of the people are those erected to gratify this native thirst for pleasure, and you cannot maintain your ground against the tide that pours into them. Where is there a church that can boast such audiences?"

T.—"You seem posted on the question. Where did you get your information? I have labored under the impression that

S.—"I do not agree with your estimate of the theater over the church for drawing qualities. Churches in Chicago and New York City are numbered by hundreds to accommodate their regular attendants. Chicago has one and a half million people and that population does not justify the erection of a half dozen respectable theaters. In New York, with a still larger population by far, three first-class theaters are about all the city supports."

S.—"My source of information is found in the papers that represent the business. There are more theater buildings, but as

they made a better showing."

you intimated a moment ago, they need to be surrounded by better influence to *elevate* them, and you want the church to go into the business of elevating the 'play house.' Why, Livy says again, "when a theater was being built under the direction of a censor, Scipio spoke against it in the House, as a useless and debauching experiment, and got an order to pull it down." Plutarch condemned the play house. 'They tend to corrupt the young,' he said. Valerius Maximus says: 'The theaters of Rome were occasions of civil distractions, *the state first blushed then bled for this entertainment.*'

Seneca said: 'Nothing is so pernicious to good morals, as to be present at the spectacles. Vice easily finds its way into the heart through the pleasurable emotions which they excite. The theater produced the extravagance and debauchery of the age.' Tacitus censured Nero for hiring gentlemen of decayed fortunes to appear on the stage. Ovid suggested an improvement of public morals by 'suppression of plays on the ground that they promote lewdness and dissoluteness of manners.' "

T.—"I wish you would let me get a word in edgeways. I can see how

S.—"The very best thing you could say, and if your following had

you strengthen your ground by this multiplicity of evidence, but do you know that you are dealing with fossilized ages? People have advanced, times also are ahead of such an age, and it is not needful to say that with such intellectuality as prevails now, with attendant culture, that it is possible people do not need such restrictions against these things. It is a reflection upon the *leaders of society* that you bring in such things at this late date. If you are living in the past let us people who differ from you live in the present enjoyment of our freedom."

been your auditors you would have been cheered to the echo. But, sir, not only did the Romans of your so-called fossilized age enact laws against the theater, but in October, A. D. 1778, our own congress passed a resolution providing for the dismissal from office of any officer of the United States who should be found in a theater. In 1580, in London, the theater and other attendant evil places were pulled down, and the performers thrust out of the city as corrupters of public morals. For 1900 years the church has been a unit in its testimony against it. No great and respectable minister as

we estimate greatness and goodness can be named as an apologist for the theater."

T.—"Oh, well, it seems to me that there is a little too much antiquity still about your proofs. I respect antiquity much, but I respect *our* times more. There is no binding authority in the opinions of the past, no matter how eminent in learning and piety they may have been. What about it *now*? Are we of the present advanced age, with our culture and learning to be respected as authority on these things? That's what I want to know."

S.—"This is a new theory to me that virtue in all ages is not the same, and that anything that destroys it, no matter what, is not harmful in all ages. The fathers must at least be respected and as Christ insisted on the Jews having the faith of their father Abraham in order to find favor with God, so must we, in order to character building, respect the fathers, who observed fidelity to God and not to the world as the source of Christian character. For the church, Theophilus, Bishop of

Antioch, contended: 'It is not lawful for us to be present at the prizes of your gladiators, lest we be accessory to the murders there committed; neither dare we presume upon the liberty of your shows lest our senses be tinctured with indecency and profaneness. We are for seeing no representations of lewdness.' Tertullian said 'We keep off from your public shows because we cannot understand the warrant of their original. We dislike the entertainment because we dislike the reason of its institution. Besides we have nothing to do with the prizes of the play house, or the barbarities of the bear garden.' "

T.—“Yes, there are your *antiquities* again. Why not come down to date? It does seem to me that some men have no world except as it is given them from a buried past. Why not move up a peg or two, Brother Soberton, and have something to say about the present, and the elegant and select people who are arrayed with me on this side of my contention?”

T.—“Oh, well, he was a sort of a *crank* anyhow on the subject. Men who are *radical* on the question ought to be heard

S.—“Again and again I have heard you proudly speak of your ancestral antecedents. What in them were you proud of? It is certain they had nothing in common with you on this question. May we not boast of our ancestry in the relation of antagonism to the world? and rightly, too, since we agree with them in heart and life. But you say I am not down to date. Rev. Dr. R. G. Hatfield, characterizes the theater and its performances as “batteries upon virtue and sobriety.”

S.—“Do you regard the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, a typical preacher and pastor, and a most distinguished divine, rad-

with great allowance. We take such diet from men like Dr. Hatfield, with many grains of salt."

T.—"Are you going to continue pouring in upon me, evidence of men, who though distinguished, did not appreciate the natural desire of society for pleasure and entertainment? I demand to be respected when such high-toned people as the Hon. Michael McFlat-tery, Esq., Alonzo Weightyman, Mrs. McFiniky and General Ponderosa Fantasiño, of the Spanish legation, and a retinue of their admirers are against you; and if they knew of this conflict

ical and of uncertain voice on this subject? He and his family did not patronize the play, and his testimony was ever against it."

S.—"Pastor Tanglefoot, I propose to preserve my soul in patience. I protest against your invidious comparisons by which the people you name have a monopoly of "society." They *are* "society," etc., etc. Who constituted them such? Their own consummate phariseeism is at the bottom of it. They are "select" because of their own self selection. People in the aggregate constitute society, and when a minister so bemeans himself as to secure the

in order to justify their social proclivities would give you trouble for my embarrassment."

general good will, respect and affection of the general public, he is more of a man in every way than he who becomes the devotee of a self-selected crowd that thanks God it does not belong to the 'common herd,' which compose the 'common people' that heard the master *gladly*. And now, sir, for your innuendoes which reflect upon the people you were sent to serve, and who are brow-beaten every Sabbath for their delinquency with you, and to whom you look for your daily sustenance; and if it is not forthcoming, you lay it before the following with which you are flirting, and they join in a chorus

of contempt for the church that will not support its pastor, they not caring any more for you than did the high priest and elders for Judas when he flung the price of his teacher at their feet,—I say, now, sir, I am done with this broadside firing and propose to come directly at *you* with Truth's most potent weapon and assail you and your position."

At this juncture, Brother Soberton rose to his feet and facing his brethren of the officary as a lawyer would a jury, proceeded to make his plea. While in the church to which he belonged the theory prevailed that a man, when put on trial, should be tried by his peers, and he accepted this as good law, yet in this particular case, in moral effect Soberton had put his pastor on trial. Not with malice aforethought, but with a zeal that is natural to no one except it comes as an unction from above, for his remarks moved every one and dumbfound-

ed Pastor Tanglefoot. His words, while earnest, possessed the pathos of love set on fire. They were like a two-edged sword, the keenness of whose blade came from a consciousness of injured innocence, and he must defend those from aspersion who were not present to defend themselves, nor could they if they were. As for the other side, their champion had spoken for them, nor could they have done better for their cause had they been present. They could have cheered Tanglefoot's points, made in favor of their "superiority," and how "select" they were, and how well they sustained the "position" in "society" as *elite*," etc., etc. Fools always love flattery. But when Brother Soberton rose to the occasion they could have done little else than show the variations of color possible with the human face when smitten by truth, whose hand they could not parry. And with significant gestures, by hands and head, and uneasy movements of body, show that what they could not answer they would gladly escape hearing.

Standing now before his brethren and pastor, making the closing remarks in the debate, as he had a right to do, with a voice tremulous with painful emotion, Soberton said:

"Brethren, this is a solemn moment, but God moves me to this defense. We see how from our position of

splendid religious influence we are being dragged from our eminence as a church down to the level of an institution of the world. To facilitate our fall our pastor has allied himself with those who have a way and language peculiar to themselves in asserting their pharisaic distinction. He himself has fallen into their habit of speech, and in a spirit of loftiness invidious in its comparisons, has much to say about 'east side cash' and 'west side trash.' He acts as if the Almighty had a rule in which, to use Brother Tanglefoot's own language, the church is constitutionally fixed so that we have 'the rich to *pay*, and the poor to *pray*;' a division of labor in the religious realm fitting to the social distinctions of the people. Some of us are 'nobody but work people.' In the name of my Master, whom the common people heard gladly, I protest. Let Brother Tanglefoot's kind have all the satisfaction there is in such assumption; against it I hurl the testimony of the word of God and Christian common sense of all ages. He has accused us of not being 'up to date,'—a chestnut that has itself gone to seed. Our pastor has practically turned himself over to a class who say for themselves, "We are the *somebodies* of the world,—all beside us are the *nobodies*." James G. Holland, than whom a purer uninspired intellect never penned its thoughts, and whose beautiful life and conse-

crated common sense are found in every volume he has given to the world, bears this testimony:

“Fashionable society has not only been the defender of every profitable wrong in this and other countries, but it has been the constant opposer and reviler of human and Christian reform. The fashionable instinct naturally rises against reform, or any scheme which tends to elevate the people and relieve them from those who give law to fashionable life.

“Reforms are always democratic (that is, of the people), and fashionable society can possibly have no sympathy with them. In prosecuting any human or Christian reform the fashionable class are never to be relied upon for aid, while their opposition in one form or other is certain.

“Christian society, motive and force is universal benevolence, which finds no plane of action and no rest save in the sentiment of universal brotherhood.

“So distinct are the spheres and atmospheres of

(The public press of Feb. 23, 1898, announced that Mr. Mahaney, of New York, in the House of Representatives, attacked the patriotism of the New York “400” for revelry while a nation was in mourning because of the Maine disaster. So does the rabble on Memorial day dance on the coffin lids of the hero dead.)

these two forms of social life, that the Christian gentleman finds nothing in fashionable society for the satisfaction of his social nature, and the fashionable man finds nothing in genuine Christian social life which is not to him a burden and a bore.

"Sometimes, quite universally indeed, compromises are effected between fashionable and Christian social life, for the accommodation of worldly people of tender consciences and Christian people with tough consciences, but the surrender is always on the wrong side, and Christian influence is neutralized by it. 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.'"

"My dear pastor," continued Soberton, "you know these things are so whereof I speak. But I am not through with you. I know the hour is getting late. We are here by mutual consent, and it is not possible that a like opportunity will occur again. You have accused us of living in the past and digging up the teaching of old philosophers, and fathers of the early church, which you characterize as fossil. I did all this to show you that the opposition to the play house in all ages by those who had the morals of the people at heart, has been a unit. Truth is a rock of defense, but never a fossil. But I have brought you down to our day. And now, whether you will or not, I put before you *The Dance of*

Death,' by Mr. Rulofson, not a 'cranky parson,' 'old fossil,' or embalmed mummy, dug up from the very ancient times, but a man of the world,—from the ranks of your world and worldly people, whom you represent to-night; and not professedly a Christian man, but one who has drunk the cup of pleasure you would have us gulp. Read the book. It is like a voice from the mouth of the pit. It should be possessed as classic on this subject by every parent who would rear sons and daughters for usefulness in life, and for purity. It fell into the hands of Mrs. Ellen E. Sherman, wife of the great General W. T. Sherman. She read it, and was so profoundly impressed with its right character and timely mission that she immediately wrote the author this letter:

"Fort Leavenworth, Kans., Aug. 21, 1877.

My Dear Mr. Rulofson: I have read your book, '*The Dance of Death,*' and I must say I admire your courage, and believe you have shown as much heroism as any crowned martyr in your defense of virtue and your denunciation of what is calculated to drive it from the hearts and minds of fashionable women. I have always given this miserable dance a silent condemnation by refusing to allow any of my daughters to participate in it under any circumstances; but I have avoided the evil as something at the sight of which my soul revolts,

without being able to say anything against it, either from experience or any absolute knowledge of its most direct and pernicious effects.

“You have had experience of the dance itself, and you have evidently had evidence of its most fatal results. From the published letter of Father Accolti, lately sent to me, I infer that you are suffering the consequence of your heroism. I trust you will not be cast down, nor allow yourself to suffer any pain, whatever may be said of you. Anything less than your bold declarations would have failed to produce any effect.

“Now it must cease. Women of virtue or self respect will now blush to have the dance named to them. An amusement which leads in any case to such results as you have pointed out should be forever discountenanced. Even if they should continue it for a while in order to assert their own innocence and their non-concurrence in your views, they will only be too glad to let it die out.

“I am rejoiced that you have spoken boldly, and told all you know about it. *The advocates of this dance have had their own way long enough—absorbing all entertainments; sneering upon and ridiculing those who quietly decline to participate; openly and constantly insinuating of those who decline it that they are therefore evil minded, etc.,*

or, *quoting impudently and insinuatingly their only weapon, 'Honi soit qui maly pense,'* and then throwing themselves in men's arms to prove their own purity of mind! I never would have imagined the half which you declare to be true, but I believe every word you write, as it explains many things which I had observed without attempting to understand.

"One thing alone I will mention: I have observed that those who enjoy this dance enjoy no other—that they are exhausted and miserable after indulging in it, and at the end of the season they are 'broken down' in health. All who have participated in it must feel greatly mortified and humiliated on reading your book, and many will be angry and bitterly denounce you; therefore, I say I admire your courage, your heroism in defense of virtue, which is in danger of being entirely lost to society by reason of this bold dance. *Let them suffer mortification! They have been ridiculing and scorning and slighting every modest and obedient girl who failed to participate with them for these many years.*

"I am sorry you could not give the name of the lady whom you quote against the dance, because the others will be accused; and ladies whose families for generations have strictly avoided such dances would be sorry to be supposed to have had an experience, even at the

price of being considered 'eminent and renowned.' I respect the lady, as I do you, for being willing to denounce this from her own experience.

"If consistent with your obligations toward her, I would be glad to know her name, which, of course, I would not even mention without your consent. Should you find the newspapers 'hounding' the wrong persons for this good lady, please give her name to the public if she is still willing; at least describe her so that she cannot be easily confounded with others.

"I have as yet received only the copy you sent, not the ones I ordered. With great admiration and regard, very truly yours,

ELLEN E. SHERMAN."

Brother Soberton made his point; but on reaching his closing words his feelings overcame him, and while not given to emotion, he sat down heavily in his chair, and covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly. There were few dry eyes among the brethren—all seemed moved, except Pastor Tanglefoot, who said, "In view of the lateness of the hour the meeting is adjourned." But it was unfinished defense on Soberton's part, for he had much more to say, and his sorrow was intensified for want of time and opportunity to say it.

It was an impossibility, then and there, to bring forward more witnesses that were not, according to Pastor Tanglefoot, "fossils" of other centuries long gone by. He greatly desired to tell him of Archbishop Tillotston, who said: "The theater is the devil's chapel, and nursery of licentiousness and vice; a recreation which ought not be allowed among civilized, much less among Christian, people."

Rev. Reliabus Plodderman, previous pastor, once said that he attended an opera where M. Neilson was the *prima donna*. It occurred in one of the finest Opera Houses in the Nation. The proprietor posed as the friend of culture, talent, and opera in particular. Rev. Plodderman sat in the seat immediately in front of the proprietor. As the female artists would appear in their supports the proprietor would express his appreciation in the language of a sport. All terms used related to the animal. Ejaculations of admiration of feet, arms, waist, bust, etc., were common. All on this occasion seemed to be above criticism. When one whose physique seemed to cap the climax came upon the stage, fully displaying all the attractive features—a woman of splendid parts—the proprietor nudged his male companion by his side and said, "By George, pard, the prettiest two things

I know of on this earth are a well proportioned, finely put up woman, and a four-year-old filly."

Seberton greatly desired to insist on the point that Christ and not the world gave the standard of Christian character and conduct. The danger is not in the failure of the church to reach and properly affect the world, but the world reaching the church by its nefarious influences and debauching its character. When once debauched, like a maiden with soiled virtue, her high influence is gone forever.

There are instances of churches who employ men and women, paying them salaries, votaries of the world and everything forbidden in the word of God, to do their devotions for them along musical lines. It is just as consistent to invite a blatant atheist to do the preaching instead of a saintly pastor, provided he will render entertainingly the gospel according to the standards of the congregation he is entertaining. After awhile by such performances they will not be very particular about the standards, if only entertained. The antecedent life of the play house is bad, hence with the certainty that "blood will tell," will its lineage be bad.

The gospel cannot nor will not improve it. It is tabooed by the word of God. Nor can the theater with its blandishments improve the gospel. It has suggest-

ed such improvement—even the tragedy of the cross—blasphemous presumption, has been put on the stage. Let the style of the stage, with its literature, its falsely called culture, lay its hand on any profession, say the law or the ministry and it will blight it as with a simoon. Let a minister step from pulpit to stage and universal testimony is that he has dropped. Let him step, through a changed character and life, from stage to pulpit, and all say that he has risen, and right conscience approves.

This estimate put upon the theater is not all “preacher talk.” Three able clergymen have distinguished themselves against the theater. They have fought a good fight. These are Rev. Dr. Hatfield, Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson and Rev. Dr. Crafts. They have been assailed by Mr. McVicker, a theater magnate. The result of the controversy brought out this testimony from a most noted actor in response to editorial inquiry from the *Christian Union*:

“Dear Sir: On my arrival here I found your favor of 1st, but have been prevented from answering it until to-day. Having no literary ability whatever I must decline your flattering invitation; nor do I know how to aid the worthy cause you advocate; could I do so, be assured it should be *freely* done.

“My knowledge of the modern drama is so very

meagre that I never permit my wife or daughters to witness a play without previously ascertaining its character. This is the method I pursue; I can suggest no other, unless it might be by means of a 'dramatic censor,' whose taste or judgment, might, however, be frequently at fault. If the management of theaters could be denied to speculators and placed in the hands of actors who value their reputation and respect their calling, the stage would at least afford healthy recreation, if not, indeed a wholesome stimulus to the exercise of noble sentiments. But while the theater is permitted to be a mere shop for gain—open to every huckster of immoral gimcracks—there is no other way to discriminate between the pure and base than through the experience of others.

Yours truly,

EDWIN BOOTH."

We have also the statement of Mr. McVicker, said to be the best known theater manager in the West, in reply to a New York reporter who asked about the standing of the theatrical profession. He replied:

"I do not feel like saying much about it, because I regard the evil tendencies that have lowered the standard of the drama of late years as past redemption, at least in my time. Reform will be of slow growth, and I have little faith in newspapers bringing it about,

though agitation, no doubt, is the proper way. The newspapers, with few exceptions, are managed very much as the theaters are; they give space and attention to that which pays best. As a rule, they give the same prominence to a variety theater that advertises well as they do to the highest class of drama.

"The public taste is to blame, I suppose, but the newspapers largely create the taste. Whatever is the cause, it is true that what was once an art or profession has come to be merely a trade or business. The legitimate drama has almost ceased to be popular, and variety theaters and spectacular plays have grown up in recent years to enormous proportions."

The editor whose press gave to the public the above, says: "This is the testimony of a man whose life has been devoted to the stage. When such opinions are given of the stage by its most earnest advocates and patrons, certainly there can be but one reasonable opinion concerning the evil tendencies of the play house." There you have it—Edwin Booth and J. H. McVicker. In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established.

A pastor of a church in Central Illinois, where two sisters were converted at its altar, vouches for this story: "They had carried off honors from a Catholic institution

further South, but strange to say were not alienated from the faith of their Protestant parents; though before the effect of the revival was felt, it looked as if they would drift out into the atmosphere of indifference. They were now grown to womanhood, and with their conversion became possessed of the missionary spirit and for a few years engaged in that work. The elder married an educator and became a model wife and mother. The younger, tall, a brunette, face firm and eyes flashing, lapsed somewhat, sufficiently so to think herself fit for a more lively sphere than the humdrum of routine life. She took to the stage. The pastor lost sight of her until years after when in a more distant field, he received word from a lady who had come to visit friends in the place, and on hearing the pastor's name, sent word to know if he was the same minister who had been pastor of her father's family, and if so, please call. He did so, and met the same young lady who had passed from the church and office of teacher to the stage. When entering the house she extended her hand cordially, saying: "You know me?" "Yes, I know you well," and certified it by calling her by name. After being seated and talking about the family and affairs of other years, he said, "Miss B., I thought you were on the stage." "I have been for two years," she said, "but have been off for

two years." He inquired, "Did you not like the stage?" "Very much." "Why did you not continue?" A cloud passed over her face because of the suggestiveness of a delicate subject as she seriously, indeed sadly, replied: "Because I refused to be used for other purposes than the performances. I broke with the proprietor, and have been off the stage ever since." Then turning more directly to her old pastor she inquired, "Do you still preach the same gospel against these things as when you were my pastor?" He answered, "Yes." Then with a significant look, fraught with all but overcoming emotion, and visible meaning, said, "*Keep it up.*"

Managers of theaters, like some so-called respectable saloon keepers, bear testimony to the vicious character of their business when they refuse to receive the performers on a social level in their homes along with their own sons and daughters. That the itinerating troupe is socially ostracised by good society is no small testimony against the play house.

A most worthy witness against the stage is the Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D., of London, who, in launching a Christian daily paper called *The Sun*, said in its management the stage was to be ignored. In December, A. D. 1900, he declared, "If I were to continue in the indefinite control of the paper I would have my quarrel with the

stage, but I should not attempt to cope with it in the short space of a week."

Rev. Joseph F. Berry, D. D., editor of *The Epworth Herald*, a paper of immense circulation and influence, in the issue of March 16th, A. D. 1901, calls, editorially, attention to views becoming popular with some of the best secular journals on "The Educational Value of the Stage."

He says: "The Rochester *Democrat-Chronicle* published not long ago a strong article upon the modern stage. It is refreshing to find in a secular daily such a candid statement of what everybody knows about the playhouse of today. The editor insists that the term, "the educational value of the stage," is obsolete. He asks: "Is the stage as we have it in this country to-day a necessary or even desirable part of the country's educational outfit? Does anybody to-day learn anything worth knowing in an American theater that he could not better learn somewhere else? Are habitual theater-goers, as a class, wiser, more thoughtful, broader-minded, mentally or morally better off in any way than habitual theater-absentees? Other things being equal, is the cultured theater-goer better cultured than the non-theater-goer? If every theater in the United States were wiped out of existence and memory to-morrow, would the country be

any the worse off except by the loss of one form of amusement and means of recreation?"

"These questions the Rochester editor answers negatively. Concerning the modern stage he remarks: "It has grown in neither grace nor knowledge. It has nothing to teach that is worth our learning. It has no *raison d'être* except as an agreeable entertainer. Its only real claim to respect rests on its past achievements, on the great things it did three hundred years ago. This it knows, and to itself acknowledges. To the English-speaking theater of to-day its 'educational value' is a public pretense and a private jest. Talk earnestly about 'dramatic art' or the 'educational value' of the modern stage to any modern American manager, and he will think you a fool. If he knows you well enough he will reveal his thoughts to you with much frankness."

"The case is stated well. But if a religious editor should say as much he would be branded as a bigot and a fool."

As the century goes out and A. D. 1901 comes we find the best brain of modern times arrayed against the stage. These witnesses and their testimony should be sufficiently "modern" to suit any one.

All these things Soberton would have said to the Board in the presence of his pastor, Tanglefoot, but he

had undertaken too great a task, but it shows how he was weighted down with the burden of his subject.

Of course all talk of revival work for the conference year was silenced because an incongruity had been brought into the minds of the people that is always incompatible with religious consistency. It must of necessity reach the ear of the public, and so far as all the churches were concerned the sensation or effect seemed to be that of a serpent in a dove cote, that while the enemy was out of sight a sense of disturbance and unrest prevailed. Like a wound in a body made by an instantaneous stroke that takes months to heal, but the scar ever remaining, so this wound made in the body of Christ, which is the church, in so short a time, must bide its time till faithful men are called to the work who knew not the conflict through which the church had passed, and by pouring upon the troubled waters the oil of grace that mollifies and heals every spiritual sore, the church will recover from its wound, though it may carry the scar through long years to come.

The pros and cons of this chapter without intent are fully portrayed in the following poem. The author's name is not given, but it is here produced as it appeared in "*The Gospel in All Lands*":

THE CHURCH WALKING WITH THE WORLD.

The Church and the World walked far apart

On the changing shores of time,

The World was singing a giddy song,

And the Church a hymn sublime.

"Come, give me your hand," said the merry World,

"And walk with me this way;"

But the good Church hid her snowy hands

And solemnly answered "Nay,

I will not give you my hand at all,

And I will not walk with you;

Your way is the way that leads to death;

Your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"

Said the World, with a kindly air;

"The road I walk is a pleasant road,

And the sun shines always there;

Your path is thorny and rough and rude,

But mine is broad and plain;

My way is paved with flowers and dews,

And yours with tears and pain;

The sky to me is always blue,

No want, no toil, I know;

The sky above you is always dark,

Your lot is a lot of woe;

There's room enough for you and me

To travel side by side."

Half shyly the Church approached the World

And gave him her hand of snow;

And the old World grasped it and walked along,

Saying, in accents low,

"Your dress is too simple to please my taste;

I will give you pearls to wear,

Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,

And diamonds to deck your hair."

The Church looked down at her plain white robes,

And then at the dazzling World,

And blushed as she saw his handsome lip

With a smile contemptuous curled.

"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"

Said the Church, with a smile of grace;

Then her pure, white garments drifted away,

And the World gave, in their place,

Beautiful satins and shining silks,

Roses and gems and costly pearls;

While over her forehead her bright hair fell

Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your house is too plain," said the proud old World,

"I'll build you one like mine;

With walls of marble and towers of gold,

And furniture ever so fine."

So he built her a costly and beautiful house;

Most splendid it was to behold;

Her sons and her beautiful daughters dwelt there

Gleaming in purple and gold;

Rich fairs and shows in the halls were held,

And the World and his children were there.

Laughter and music and feasts were heard

In the place that was meant for prayer.

There were cushioned seats for the rich and the gay,

To sit in their pomp and pride;

But the poor, who were clad in shabby array,

Sat meekly down outside.

"You give too much to the poor," said the World.

"Far more than you ought to do;

If they are in need of shelter and food,

Why need it trouble you?

Go, take your money and buy rich robes,

Buy horses and carriages fine,

Buy pearls and jewels and dainty food;

Buy the rarest and costliest wine;

My children, they dote on all these things,

And if you their love would win

You must do as they do, and walk in the ways

That they are walking in."

So the poor were turned from her door in scorn,

And she heard not the orphan's cry;

But she drew her beautiful robes aside,

As the widows went weeping by.

Then the sons of the World and sons of the Church

Walked closely hand and heart,

And only the Master, who knoweth all,

Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease, and said,

"I am rich and my goods increase;

I have need of nothing, or ought to do,

But to laugh, and dance, and feast."

The sly World heard, and he laughed in his sleeve,

And mockingly said, aside—

The Church is *fallen*, the beautiful Church;

And her shame is her boast and her pride."

The angel drew near to the mercy-seat,

And whispered in sighs her name,

Then the loud anthems of rapture were hushed,

And heads were covered with shame.

And a voice was heard at last by the Church
 From Him who sat on the throne,
 "I know thy works, and how thou hast said,
 'I am rich;' and hast not known
 That thou art naked, poor, and blind,
 And wretched before my face;
 Therefore from my presence cast I thee out,
 And blot thy name from its place."

SOME REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY THE FORE- GOING CHAPTER.

There are false codes of pleasure, as there are false codes of honor. When these become national traits ruin is set in. Roman virtue is force, and he who by *brute force* can down all competitors is the "noblest Roman of them all." Our own country has had blotches of this code,—had it in spots along the line of history making, but this certifies that the brutal idea of honor is not a national idea with us. It argues hopefulness, when at each breaking out of this vice, we feel ourselves *disgraced*. Not even the presence of an ex-United States Senator will sanctify the crime of pugilism. This speaks well for our country.

When the bully sets the standard for national honor, national honor is gone. I do not believe that this country will ever look with favor upon that barbaric settlement of disputes that calls for "pistols for two and coffee for one."

This is Spain's standard and about the only relic of barbarism of its kind among so-called civilized nations. If there are other instances in Italy and France it is because they have been too closely allied with Spain in that sort of civilization that makes possible these unholy performances.

A service of high Mass was said in Madrid for the dead that Dewey sent to the bottom of the sea in Manila bay, the Archbishop officiating. This solemn memorial was celebrated in the forenoon, but in the afternoon followed by a bull fight, the Archbishop donating the bull. A civilization that can taper off its tragedy into comedy after this fashion is far from the Christian type. We are not yet ready for the Spanish phase of things that would convert our own National Memorial Day into jigs of merriment over the graves of our hero dead who laid down their lives for freedom's cause. Send all such desecrators of hallowed things to that country where they belong, Spain. But one athlete occupies, by the grace of "The Powers" at that, an earthly throne, King George of Greece. Just as rapidly as the nations—greatest nations at that—have exchanged brains for brawn they have become weak in character and died. We are dead and dying in proportion to our following

their example. "Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."

Corroborative testimony against the matrimony of the church and the world.

The public press is serving a great and good purpose in portraying the wrong doings going on in certain corners of the religious world. While devout Christian men and women deplore the inconsistency manifest, they hail with gladness any method of correction, painful as that method may be. Contemplate David's infamy and fate had not a faithful prophet torn off the mask. The *Chicago Tribune*, in its issue of Saturday, April 13, 1901, published the following news from New York:

AID CHURCH BY GAMBLING.

Society Women In Gotham Divide Their Winnings.

Part of Profits at Card Table Goes to the Collection Plate—Reason for Unusual Easter Offering Is Explained—Holy Week Games Common—College Youth Visiting Wealthy Families Lose Their Money to Hostesses—Chicago Boy Among Victims.

New York, April 12.—(Special.)—A conference of Protestant clergymen of various denominations was held in the parlors of a Fifth avenue church on Thurs-

day morning. It was called to take counsel about the best methods of putting an end to gambling and kindred evils among the wealthy people of their congregation. The cause of the conference was the discovery that much of the big Easter collections was made by society women gambling and putting part of their winnings on the plate. A number of instances were related where society women had fleeced college boys, who were visiting their sons during the Easter vacation. One of these was a Chicago boy, and his father made a protest to the woman, who later made fun of him for playing the "baby act."

SOCIAL RIOTS IN HOLY WEEK.

The sections of New York which the ministers at this conference represented were Fifth and Madison avenues and the west side along Amsterdam and West End avenues. After the conference one minister said:

"Holy week and Easter vacation have furnished periods of social riots. What I say is based on my own observations since coming to New York. The two points brought out at the conference are indicated in the following: One clergyman told how his wife had received during holy week a note from a lady in the congregation, asking her not to fail to be at a certain prominent Fifth avenue social resort, for the game

would begin promptly at an hour indicated next day. The writer was one of the most active women in the congregation and gave liberally on Easter day. It developed that the letter was intended for some one else and was sent to the clergyman's wife by mistake."

WINNINGS GO ON COLLECTION PLATE.

Then the minister went on to tell of the occasion of the gambling during Lent; how winnings were put on the collection plate at church, and how hostesses fleeced their guests, many of them college youths. He said:

"It is my personal opinion that a great deal of the money put on the plates in such liberal amounts on Easter Sunday came easy at the gaming-table, or, if it did not, these large gifts were made in many instances as balms to supposed guilty consciences."

LOSES VACATION MONEY TO HOSTESS.

The following are some of the incidents which were related at the conference:

A Central Park (west) mother, having a son in an Eastern college, asked him to bring his college chum home to spend Easter. The chum's father, resident in Philadelphia, sent him \$150 to defray the cost of his New York vacation. The second night after his arri-

val, at a party arranged by the hostess, the chum lost every dollar and borrowed from his college friend \$5, with which he bought a ticket home. Part of the winnings are known to have gone to the hostess' pile. The night was in holy week.

CHICAGO YOUTH A VICTIM.

A woman resident in the best section of this borough and having a son in Harvard, gave a gambling party to a young Chicago student who came home with her son to spend the Easter vacation. The Chicagoan had \$100 with him. The woman won all of it and loaned the young man \$10 for spending money. The father, in New York on business, learned the incident from his son and called upon the woman. A scene followed in which the woman did not weaken, but rather chaffed the father for playing what she termed the "baby act." The father left without recovering a cent, although he did have the satisfaction, so the minister who reported it said, of getting in some strong words about social conditions in New York.

Two young men from Pittsburg brought little with them except social credentials, which took them into the best circles. A game played on Good Friday night, so the minister relating it said, netted them such a

large sum that they left one hotel and went to another more expensive. On Saturday they were called upon by a lady, who asked that \$100 be put on the plate in a certain church on Easter Sunday morning. This was done.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* (Chicago) four days after the above appeared, commenting upon this representation from the press, calls it "A Deplorable Social Condition." It is referred to in this connection that the friends and followers of Timothy Tanglefoot's kind might know that this is a "modern" condition, and an "up-to-date" performance. Indeed, the printer of this book will not further wait for a more recent illustration of our point than this, in the middle of April, in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and One.

Chapter IX.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

The Rev. Timothy Tanglefoot was a young man very much interested in how other churches carried things on. Some children think that others' cookies are better than those made by their own mother, hence a bent for getting away from home. Under such circumstances invidious comparisons discounting home merit steal in.

Frequently Timothy Tanglefoot was heard to ask, "Why are not Methodists like other people, and the Methodist Episcopal church like other churches, anyhow?" It never occurred to him to inquire, "Why are not other people and churches like the Methodists?" His brethren often said to him, "If we are to be like other people there's where we belong. If you wish us to be Episcopalians, Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, what business have we here in this church? If we are to be something else why not take down our sign and go out of business?"

There was a neighboring pastor who turned Tangle-

foot's head very much. It was the Rev. Tallman Highlander, D. D., Ph. D. LL. D., F. R. S., etc. He was a success to a great degree. He filled Tanglefoot to the brim with the notion that a long appendage to his name would be the best evidence of an honorable descent, and a passport to lofty ascent. Very much of titled snobishness seeks pre-eminence of merit in military and naval circles, but the better sense of the people is not pleased with it. "Honor to whom honor is due," is better.

Mr. Highlander was pastor of the Immanuel Church in Trymanburg, and this threw the two frequently into each other's company. Timothy was deeply impressed with the dignity of Mr. Highlander, of his ministerial bearing, and solemnity,—on occasion. In the interval of the Sabbaths it did not occur that the gravity of their calling should be manifest, but when the Lord's day came, for once in the week, sanctimoniousness must characterize the *clergy*.

Tanglefoot liked the cut of Highlander's coat. Next, he took to his theology. Next, he felt kindly disposed toward the ecclesiastical estate of Mr. Highlander's church.

Then, also, Mr. Highlander intimated that Mr. Tanglefoot was out of his element. 'Twould be more

in harmony with the spirit of the young man and the social side of life if a change could be effected. Highlander had heard of the complications in the "Church of the Redeemer" in Trymanburg, so he encourages the now manifest disaffection of the pastor.

If saintliness is on the outside, then it can be put on or laid off as occasion or disposition may elect. It is one thing to affect piety and dignity in the pulpit; it is another to live it among men.

Brother Reliabus Plodderman had within his charge two very excellent people, greatly beloved of all, Prof. J. M. Blairly and his good wife. The Professor had once occupied the chair of languages in Campusburg College. Mrs. Blairly was an elegant Christian lady, highly educated and cultured, and both were plain and kindly disposed people toward all. Mrs. Blairly was very sensitive to anything in others of great pretention that was out of harmony with Christian consistency. Her very sensitive Christian nature recoiled from wrong doing in others as if much of the responsibility of their sinning rested on her shoulders. This was not a source of comfort, but of frequent annoyance to her.

She came to Pastor Plodderman, with a tale of woe, one day. She said, "I saw a person today whom I have

always known to be a professor, and I believed, a possessor of perfect love, but in a moment, a fit of anger possessed him to which he gave vent in a very un-Christian manner. I am perplexed about his experience and this act being so out of harmony with his professed attainment troubles me. Pastor Plodderman, I wish you would tell me how it is that such things so out of harmony with right living can find place in the same heart."

Plodderman replied, "I cannot answer your question, only to say, that if what you saw was justifiable, there are internal trials in others of greater magnitude than we know. Then, again, some people are much weaker than the surface of their life indicates. The unexpected is the thing that always happens, and thus our surprise. There are also great provocations we know not of. I want to tell you a story, and it may be, if you can harmonize the two traits manifest in the same man, you have answered your own question."

"I am so glad for anything that illustrates and settles the perplexity of my mind," said Mrs. Blairly.

"The case is this," began Plodderman, in all seriousness, for he was trying to help a serious one out of her perplexity:

"When I came to Trymanburg a few years ago, I

found Dr. Tallman Highlander well fortified in his church. I always respected him, and so far as I know, he returned the compliment. But you know how erect he walks—so much so that he almost leans backward. They say he always wears the heels of his shoes down first of all in his footgear so heavily does his dignity weigh every time he puts his foot down. Psychologically speaking, he is a type—a specimen. In a place like Trymanburg, as well up as the people are, the churches are not so wealthy as to enable the most fortunate of ministers to luxuriate in an ease and comfort that come of a full complement of domestics.

“For the benefit of the little Highlanders that were coming on, the Immanuel parsonage barn had been furnished with a fresh cow. The family were making a pet of the calf and raised it by hand. Most any farmer boy can tell how this is done, but not many city lads. The surplus milk, or so much as was necessary for the little bovine’s growth, was placed in a bucket or pot metal kettle, and two fingers placed in the creature’s mouth, and submerging the hand in the milk, the coveted diet is taken. But it is remembered that these pesky pets have a way of hurrying up, or rather down, their food, by savage hunches. One of the elders told me that one Sunday morning, all trimmed out in due

style for his pulpit, Dr. Highlander stepped from the parsonage door to walk across the lawn to the church when he heard the calf in a way to be understood, asserting that its breakfast had been neglected. Hastily he went to the pantry, where the milk had been prepared, and took it to the barn and poured it into the kettle. Taking off his cuffs, and pushing up his sleeves, he placed his hand and fingers in position for the belated diet. Being hungry the calf went to work with a zest of its own, the reverend gentleman bending over assisting it all he could, glad for the haste the young beast was making, for he wished to be on time in his pulpit. He had either forgotten, or had not counted on the usual hunch that was sure to come, and the kettle being but a little larger than the calf's head, would surely precipitate danger. It came, quick and strong; suddenly thrusting its nose to the bottom of the vessel and shooting the white liquid several feet in the air, covering the clergyman's broadcloth from top to bottom, his face being also well sprinkled. He believed in this mode of baptism, but objected to the element and the administrator. He withdrew his hand from the creature's mouth, took hold both of its ears and began to try to bore a hole through the bottom of the vessel with the poor thing's nose, and as he thus held

it, the young brute struggling for release, he with a temper at white heat, said, as he held it firm: 'If it were not for the spirit of the blessed—meek—and—lowly Jesus—in me—I'd ram your nose through this kettle.' Then he let up, the poor creature throwing up its head for breath, discharged so much of its breakfast that had nearly strangled it, full in the face of the dignified preacher. Mrs. Highlander marveled that her husband appeared in the pulpit in his 'second best,' thinking that probably it was a case of absent-mindedness for which there were at times justification. He announced the hymn:

'Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our laboring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.'

"Now, my dear sister, I believe if you can understand the quickly changing conditions of mind and spirit couched in this incident your perplexity is at an end."

Plodderman noticed that Mrs. Blairly had covered her face with her handkerchief, but what little of it could be seen looked apoplectic. But she dropped her hands and gave vent to a fit of laughter never known of this grave woman before. The incident relieved her

perplexity, though she could not say that the problem was solved. She did not even attempt to explain the instantaneous mental somersaults that were possible to her own mental gravity. This done, she could explain the other.

Many young preachers are not very unlike children and youth. They take kindly to the "funny man." We knew a boy who in years gone by was sent on Saturday afternoons to the village post office for the weekly mail. He knew about the time the stage coach with four horses attached would turn the corner at the village tavern, and backed himself against the wall of that hostelry and watched the driver from his high perching place crack his whip at the leaders and make the swift curve of the turnpike corner for the tavern front; the driver sounding his horn for passengers to get out and others to get in. Hon. Tom Corwin and Salmon P. Chase had ridden many times in that stage coach past that boy, but he would not have given a penny to be either Corwin or Chase if he only knew that some day he would occupy the exalted position of that stage driver.

So is it with too many young ministers who do not admire the more solid and conservative men who modestly move along in their calling, but are impressed by

those who, because they may stand in front of the crowd, with gesture and joke, buffoonery and tomfoolery, think of them as in great prominence and begin their imitations that enter into woof and filling of their ministerial calling. Prostration, or limitation of influence results, and a life is frittered away with a feeling of mystery as to why that calling had not been more fruitful for the glory of God.

Here is an actual programme gotten up and given by a quartette composed of "*Young pastors that are bound to win*":

Part First.

1. "Breezes of the Night".....*La Mothe*

THE QUARTETTE.

1st Tenor, B. R. Wiggleton, 2nd Tenor, F. F. Coddlefish.

1st Bass, T. D. Catterspaw, 2nd Bass, G. R. Woodenman.

2. "Love's Old Sweet Song"*Molloy*

THE QUARTETTE.

3. Reading—Damon and Pythias.....*W. W. Chatterly*

4. Reveries*The Quartette*

5. Solo—"Banana Song".....*F. F. Coddlefish*

6. Reading*W. W. Chatterly*

7. The Owl and Pussy Cat.....*The Quartette*
Wiggleton, Coddlefish, Catterspaw and Woodenman.

Part Second.

1. Legends... ..*Parks*
-*The Quartette.*

2. "The Mighty Deep"—Bass Solo.....*Judge*
Mr. G. R. Woodenman.

3. Reading—"The Polish Boy".....*W. W. Chatterly*

4. Waltz Song*Parks*
The Quartette.

Wiggleton, Coddlefish, Catterspaw, Woodenman.

5. Song of the Mule.....*T. D. Catterspaw and Quartette.*

6. Reading—"The Sick King".....*W. W. Chatterly*

7. Good Night*Dudley Buck.*
The Quartette.

This remarkable "ministerial" entertainment occurred in one of the finest churches in the West, and except the "reader," the performers—*the Quartette*—were all *clergymen*. Good, bad or indifferent, the calling was not elevated by the performance. There are certain things harmless in and of themselves, but associate them strictly with religion or religious people and the incongruity appears,—and it is the *incongruity* that hurts. *The gospel admits of no incongruities.*

A very harmless entertainment called "The Deestrick Skule" in, and of itself, is very entertaining to youngsters, but put upon exhibition in a church, as is too frequently done, has been known to blight all revival prospects, grieve the spiritually minded, and set many of the scholars in the Sabbath School to answering the questions of their teachers who were in it, after the burlesque style of this incongruous entertainment. The word of God is marvelously free from burlesque.

Many young men beginning their ministry are harmed for life by being misled by types that were not typical of the ministry, truly called of God, a true type of which is known in Paul's pastoral epistles. If this catches the eye of one so ignorant as not to know which the pastoral epistles are let him or her, as the case may be, read Paul's epistles to Timothy and Titus. The social circle comes in for its share of ministerial delinquency. The highest ideal of some in methods of "reaching the young people" rises but little above that of herding. Get the "young bloods" together of masculine and feminine gender, and no matter what kind of "cattle" they may be, it will be but a short time before the similarities can be traced between the two-footed and four-footed kind. It is better to be called unsocial than to join the procession of ministerial delinquency re-

cruited in the social pool that, in more senses than one, runs to taffy. In such a gathering as one of these the hand of the maiden in cordial greeting nestled long and deep in the palm of Pastor Tanglefoot, and at once telegraphy between the two is established. Happy if the operators along this line do not become too numerous, and too familiar with the "superintendent." "One is lonesome, two is company, three is a crowd." The suggestion is that such super-cordiality has in it meaning of a doubtful character, and the news of it is passed along the line. Operators at the minor offices have taken off many a through message. Miss Simperton, an admirer, for all that, surmises that others share the cordiality of which she would prefer a monopoly,—and she will see that she has it. At this point it is easy to suggest a private interview with the sympathetic pastor in order to break to him some sorrowful problem that has been perplexing her mind. Any way, how strange and unusual that Timothy Tanglefoot finds most of those needing his kindly office as spiritual advisor and comforter to be of the female portion of his auditors,—a good percent sustaining no relation to his church except that of attendants on his ministry. Dame Rumor, that keen-eyed personage of whom we have all heard, gets in her work. She is great for putting certain things to-

gether, and drawing conclusions as reliable as the "star-dust" theory out of which worlds are said to be made, and announces that where there is so much smoke (or star dust) there must be some fire. Dame Rumor has not heard of the theory of spontaneous combustion, so she does not wait on the slow process of generating fire in this manner, but proceeds to generate it.

The officary of the church in Trymanburg walk their weary way with bated breath. The air is pregnant with something, but no one can surmise what, but the fruitage, disintegration, sets in and a feeling that either the sky is full of icicles, or the rafters of the sanctuary must be giving way over the heads of the people. Any how a creaking sound is heard and the people stand from under for fear of tumbling walls. Rather than precipitate a worse condition, shifting and changing goes on with the steadfast hope of a betterment of the conditions in the future.

The disease is catching. "Give the devil an inch and he'll take an el." It is also said, "Give the devil rope enough and he'll hang himself." At last a perfect sluice breaks out, and many begin to wonder indeed if Satan's seat is not in the church, especially in Trymanburg. But, no, it is not. It is the old, old story of Satan making his attack at the top. His first assault

was on God himself, and heaven, and in heaven. The second was next thing to the first, assault on man made in the image of God, in Eden. We find him coming up and appearing among the "sons of God" in the days of Job, and upon the very man of whom it was said "there was none like him in all the earth" for perfection, he twice made the most violent onslaught. When God's own Son came into the world, Satan assailed him, and finally when all his subtleties failed he inspired the chorus, "This is the heir, come let us kill him."

It is not therefore strange that the next attack in regular order of his Satanic purpose, would be upon the ambassadors of Christ, his ministers. Sad to relate, in too many instances he has been successful. But thank God for the many who have not fallen. Sometimes it looks as if Satan had turned loose all his evil forces that he might make doubly sure his work, the downfall of good men. Papist and Protestant, along with the ordinary saints, with him who sits in the chief seat in the synagogue, are smitten. Nathan said to a king whose devoteeism to religious forms was reduced to one of the fine arts, "Because of this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme." It was the mixing of this over-religiousness with sin that caused Paul to cry out against his Jewish kindred, and co-re-

ligionists, "The name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you." Against a right religious profession, always accompanied by a right life, "there is no law." Even the tongue of the blasphemer is dumb in the presence of right Christian living.

After all, where the air is filled with cursing it is but the barking of the devil's watch dogs at the heels of God's sheep who have gone outside of their own fold and invaded the territory from whence the barking comes.

That these forces of evil affect high places seems to be a strange thing. We have said that the enemy makes his assault at the top. "Spiritual wickedness in high places" certified in Paul's day that the forces of evil would usurp the throne of righteousness. Kings have not escaped. "Lords" and "ladies," "senators" and "representatives," "millionaires" and "mudsills" alike have made their contribution to the records of the scandal monger; and it is as true of sin as it is of death, the rich and the poor lie down together. As to the constitution of all such, the devil, without being a respecter of persons, is the maker of them all.

Exposure of immorality is probably God's last resort in the correction of incorrigible sin. This usually comes in the form of a judgment, the exposure itself is a

judgment. But the judgment, severe as it may be, is the means to ultimate mercy. David well illustrates the case. Who can tell the probable multiplicity of David's offending had not God arrested and exposed him. Calamity as it was from which he and his kingdom never fully recovered, yet it proved better to go into life maimed than to have two hands and two feet to be cast into hell, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. Infinitely better the humiliation and chagrin of exposure than that he should have gone on in his mad career of carnality treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath. This sluice of corruption sometimes gathers until the flood gates cannot longer keep it back, and they must be lifted to let off the foul accumulation. Then the purer stream can follow and clarify earth and air.

Whence come these tidal waves of evil that would seemingly swoop over and destroy the power and influence of the higher spiritual forces? From the point where Satan makes his attack, *the top*. With distinguished universities not only winking at the presence of grill rooms, but their professors signing petitions for their presence; with theological students of distinguished seminaries having their cards and wine; with Christian colleges influenced largely by lager beer trusteeships; with deacons occupying the mayorship of cities, elected

on liquor tickets; with aldermanic elders placed in positions by liquor men to do their bidding; with preachers as city clerks attaching their signature along with that of Christian mayors to the licensed slums of their municipality; with Christian mayors welcoming alike conventions of brewers and ministerial bodies to their cities, cheered to the echo by the clergy; with, in all but every city of size, buildings owned by deacons, elders, and laymen of high and low degree, rented for saloon and slum purposes; with boasted "godly men" ready to serve the office of Belthazzer and Bacchus alike; with "gold" and "Gambrinus" as satisfactory political standards; the bellowing bulls of beer giving the war cry of the destruction of all Christian institutions; with the pagan Ephesian antagonism to every Christian purpose, "By this *craft* we have our wealth;" with a boycotted pulpit that means death to the "prophet in Israel" and extinction of the voice of God in the soul, and destruction of divinely called witness in the courts of rulers; with a government that seeks expansion for rum as well as of territory; imperialism of alcohol as well as of the flag; with riot and mob law in liquor laved sections where better things are supposed to prevail; with a growing cruelty in the country that the Spaniard has not exceeded; with the "god of this world

blinding the eyes of those who believe not" until commercialism is counted for godliness; with a moral nerve so weak that any one who has spinal courage to protest is called a "fool" or "mad;" with an all but universal disposition on the part of the church of God to let the world go to the bad if it will, interposing no cry of warning; with the commander in chief, General Gambrinus and his lieutenant, General Bacchus, coming in from battle with the country and church of God bound to their political chariot wheels, the one shouting "Great is the image of gold for all nations," and the other, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians;" requiring the captured saints to sing their songs of Zion in a strange land by the rivers of drink, drunkenness and debauch; captives to conditions which they are powerless, or too cowardly to oppose; with all this and much more, it requires no stretch of imagination to see Satan looking on with perfect satisfaction, assured that his work is going on about to his liking.

Who is it that asks, Whence the forces of evil that threaten the extinction of Christian influence and force in the world? And in the face of all this insult to God we betray our want of fidelity to consistency by singing:

"O Lord, send us thy blessing;

O Lord, send us thy blessing;

O Lord, send us thy blessing;
And send it down from heaven *above*."

No, no, my brother, not while there is so much among us from hell beneath. Better heed the prophet's cry:

"Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment; relieve the oppressed; judge the fatherless; plead for the widow." Then:

"Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

Any method that ignores this infallible order of redemption is a whited sepulcher affair—and *God is not deceived by it*. It is full of dead men's bones, and all manner of uncleanness. The separation between the church and the world is complete, or it is not. We have in our mental arithmetic a book of fractions, but there is no such fractional reckoning in the spiritual arithmetic of the Almighty. He deals with whole numbers. He is everything or nothing. A second place in the human heart for Christ is an insult to Infinite Love, *and is an equivalent of no place for God*.

Frederic Douglass said that slavery did not reach its criminal depth in the act of buying and selling human

souls as common chattel, and in the severance of husband and wife, parents and children, but when the slave knew no other, and accepted his bondage as his normal condition, given him by God and nature. Then was his freedom hopeless. When the church of God and the Christian conscience accepts this unholy alliance with sin, this "*covenant with death and agreement with hell*," as its normal relation to evil, and without knowledge or desire for freedom from a slavery compared to which African slavery sinks into insignificance, then is our bondage complete. And as it took *conspiracy by a Confederacy* to *sanctify* slavery, so does it now happen, in prophetic language, that political *conspiracy* by a *political confederacy* is necessary to sanctify this greater slavery to the Liquor Traffic.

And they have cast lots for my people; and have given a boy for a harlot, and sold a girl for wine, that they might drink. Joel III.:3.

But hear the *Royal Proclamation* from the *Federal Head* of the universe, even *God Himself*, and *Heed!*

"*And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it.*

From the time that it goeth forth it shall take

you: for morning by morning shall it pass over, by day and by night: and it shall be a vexation only to understand the report.

For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it: and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it.

For the LORD shall rise up as in Mount Perazim, he shall be wroth as in the valley of Gibeon, that he may do his work, his strange work; and bring to pass his act, his strange act.

Now therefore be ye not mockers, lest your bands be made strong: for I have heard from the Lord God of hosts a consumption, even determined upon the whole earth."

But is there not a place somewhere in which we can come in friendly touch with the world, and at the same time be in hopeful touch with God? Let inspiration answer: "*Love not the world; neither the things of the world: if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.*" The sin loving, soul destroying world, every one knows, is meant by this demand for the divorcement of soul from it.

One day Bro. Soberton requested Pastor Tanglefoot to preach from that text. The pastor replied: "I think the text is somewhat out of harmony with the

times; and I cannot work myself up to its standard." It did not occur to him that "the times" were out of harmony with the text, and particularity was his own ministry out of harmony with it.

Bro. Soberton said the case reminded him of a story: While passing every morning from Trymanburg to Steveland City, where he owned a bank, at a village about half way between, a large dog would take savagely after the train. The dog was encouraged in his attempt to catch the train, by the cheers and calls of the passengers. It became an every morning amusement to watch the vain but earnest attempt of that dog to capture that train. No one could surmise what the dog thought he could do with it if he had come up with it. It was a great epoch in the life of the grandchildren when they were permitted to visit Grandpa Soberton. They were always welcome by "grandpa" and "grandma." It was no less a privilege for the four-year-old grand son, soon after tea, to climb on grandpa's knee, and exact from him a story, and one did not suffice; and about the middle of the last one the little head would nestle down on grandpa's arm and the story, so far as the little hearer was concerned, was cut short by sleep. One evening there was particular reason to get this little shaver off to his crib a little sooner than usual, and he

seemed willing to have the process begun by the usual story telling. But grandpa had exhausted the supply. He thought of the incident of the dog trying to catch the train. He related that. "Tell it again," said the urchin. Grandpa told it again. "Tell it again," said the little drowsy fellow. It was told again and grandpa thought the desired sleep had come. When about to lift the urchin to his quarters for the night, the boy opened his sleepy eyes, and half awake and half asleep, droned out, "More dog, grandpa, more dog." And so the story, in response to the call for "more dog," was repeated before the slumberer passed into that sleep that held him in its spell for the night. So has the world pillowed its head on the bosom of the church with apparent welcome, and when the church, with somewhat of desire to be relieved of its ward, attempts to lay it aside for rest, it finds its love clinging more closely to its bosom, and at every thought of riddance it cries to the church, and finds kindly response by the lukewarm and backslidden member, "more world, Christian church, more world." And so "a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep"; so shall the church's poverty come upon her as one that travelleth, and her want as an armed man.

Electricity, properly applied, will make a dead man

move his arms and feet, and sometimes open the eyes of a corpse, but only for the time being. Shut off the battery and the decomposition of the body will be found going on all the same. So may the electric current generated in the force of thought be set agoing by the enthusiasm of a "twentieth century *movement*," and even a dead church, like a dead body, will be seen for the time being to wink its eye, and move a hand and foot. A car driven by a storage battery has been known to leave its passengers out in the country, not budging another inch because of exhausted "power." If it had been connected" with a trolley wire above which itself had connection with the machinery in the "power house" the power supply would have brought the car safely in. It has been known where this "storage battery" business in church affairs has caused the "car" to slow up. It may be that the wedge of gold (revenue) and goodly Babylonian garment (opulency) hid in the tent of Israel may not stand in the way of victory of God's kind, but if this be so it will be the first time since the fall of Adam down to date. Better "unload" as God commanded Joshua to do, and victory will come in a day. But read this, then read that. This, Eph. vi.: 12:

"FOR WE WRESTLE NOT AGAINST FLESH
AND BLOOD, BUT AGAINST PRINCIPALITIES,

AGAINST POWERS, AGAINST THE RULERS OF THE DARKNESS OF THE WORLD, AGAINST SPIRITUAL WICKEDNESS IN HIGH PLACES."

Some things are marvelously similar, and weighed in the balances in which God weighs men, rulers, and nations, must be reckoned of the same sort. Here is a generally accepted account representing how history repeats itself:

"Nebuchadnezzar, the king, made an *image of gold*, whose height was threescore cubits, and the breadth thereof six cubits: he set it up in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon.

Then Nebuchadnezzar the king sent to gather together the *princes*, the *governors*, and the *captains*, the *judges*, the *treasurers*, the *counsellors*, the *sheriffs*, and all the *rulers of the provinces*, to come to the dedication of the *image* which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up.

Then the *princes*, the *governors*, and *captains*, the *judges*, the *treasurers*, the *counsellors*, the *sheriffs*, and all the *rulers of the provinces*, were gathered together unto the dedication of the *image* that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up; and they stood before the *image that Nebuchadnezzar had set up*:

Then a herald cried aloud, *To you it is commanded, O people, nations, and languages,*

That at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up:

And whoso falleth not down and worshippingeth shall the same hour be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace.

Therefore at that time, when all the people heard the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, *all the people, the nations, and the languages, fell down and worshipped the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up.*

Wherefore at that time certain Chaldeans came near, and accused the Jews.

They spake and said to the king Nebuchadnezzar, O king, live forever.

Thou, O king, hast made a decree, that every man that shall hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, shall fall down and worship the *golden image*:

And whoso falleth not down and worshippingeth, that he should be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace.

There are certain Jews (Christians) whom thou

hast set over the affairs of the province of Babylon, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego; these men, O king, have not regarded thee: they serve not thy *gods*, nor worship the *golden image* which thou hast *set up*.

Then Nebuchadnezzar in his rage and fury commanded to bring Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. Then they brought these men before the king.

Nebuchadnezzar spake and said unto them, Is it true, O Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego? do not ye serve *my gods*, nor worship the *golden image* which *I* have set up?

Now if ye be ready that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the *image which I have made*; well: but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace; and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, answered and said to the king, O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter.

If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king.

But if not, Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.

Then was Nebuchadnezzar full of fury, and the form of his visage was changed against Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego: therefore he spake, and commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heated.

And he commanded the most mighty men that were in his army to bind Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.

Then these men were bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.

Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego.

And these three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, fell down bound into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.

Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonished, and rose up in haste and spake, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst

of the fire? They answered and said unto the king, True, O king.

He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God.

Then Nebuchadnezzar came near to the mouth of the burning fiery furnace, and spake, and said, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth, and come hither. Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, came forth of the midst of the fire.

And the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's counsellors, being gathered together, saw these men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was a hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them.

Then Nebuchadnezzar spake, and said, Blessed be the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, who hath sent his angel, and delivered his servants that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god, except their own God.

Therefore I make a decree, That every people, nation, and language, which speak anything amiss

against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses shall be made a dunghill; because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort.

Then the king promoted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, in the province of Babylon."

There are some kings and rulers, who make amends under affliction. Others go on in the same transgression as if more highly favored, taking no warning from the past. No matter that a great Apostle says:

"All these things happened unto them for ensamples: and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Christ said, "Ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky and of the earth; but *how is it that ye do not discern this time?*"

Now comes another chapter:

"Belshazzar, the king, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand.

Belshazzar, while he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple

which was in Jerusalem; that the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines, might drink therein.

Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which *was* at Jerusalem; and the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines, drank in them.

They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone.

In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.

Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another.

The king cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers. And the king spake, and said to the wise men of Babylon, Whosoever shall read this writing, and shew me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom.

Then came in all the king's wise men: but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof.

Then was king Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him, and his lords were astonished.

Now the queen, by reason of the words of the king and his lords, came into the banquet house: and the queen spake and said, O king, live for ever: let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed:

There is a man in thy kingdom, in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of thy father light and understanding and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, was found in him; whom the king Nebuchadnezzar thy father, the king, I say, thy father, made master of the magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and sooth-sayers;

Forasmuch as an excellent spirit, and knowledge, and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and shewing of hard sentences, and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel, whom the king named Belteshazzar: now let Daniel be called, and he will shew the interpretation.

Then was Daniel brought in before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel, Art thou that

Daniel, which art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king my father brought out of Jewry?

I have even heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that light and understanding and excellent wisdom is found in thee.

And now the wise men, the astrologers, have been brought in before me, that they should read this writing, and make known unto me the interpretation thereof: but they could not shew the interpretation of the thing:

And I have heard of thee, that thou canst make interpretations, and dissolve doubts: now if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom.

Then Daniel answered and said before the king, *Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation.*

O thou king, the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honor:

And for the majesty that he gave him, all people,

nations, and languages, trembled and feared before him: whom he would he slew; and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he set up; and whom he would he put down.

But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him:

And he was driven from the sons of men; and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses: they fed him with grass like oren, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven; till he knew that the most high God ruled in the kingdom of men, and that he appointeth over it whomsoever he will.

And thou his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this;

But hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou and thy lords, thy wives and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know; and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified:

Then was the part of the hand sent from him; and this writing was written.

And this is the writing that was written, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE; *God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it.*

TEKEL; *Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.*

PERES; *Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians.*

Then commanded Belshazzar, and they clothed Daniel with scarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made a proclamation concerning him, that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain.

And Darius the Median took the kingdom, being about three-score and two years old."

Sacred history is written for all times and seasons. "Expansion" was a favorite theme with Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar. The commercial idea ran high. Every realm should bow to it. That a moral idea should enter into expansion was not named, only so far as sacred

things should be dragged into unhallowed service and made to contribute to the general debauch.

Kings and presidents (and vice presidents) and governors have walked forth, in a moment of forgetfulness of the divine majesty, in the midst of their palaces and kingdoms, exclaiming: "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?" only to realize, while promising themselves they would exalt their towers midst the stars, the tumble of their building about their heads and their ruin has been complete as if all their pride was spent in building castles in the air.

Men seem to forget that it is the mighty man and his kingdom and its vastness, that have perished from the earth.

We have looked at that; now look at this:

“BALL AS A CLIMAX.

Inaugural Dance for President Outdoes in Splendor Anything Ever Seen in America.

Brilliancy of Royal Courts Recalled by Jewels, Decorations and Gowns in Washington.

Tropical Plants, Electric Lights, Flags of All Nations, Form a Bower Wherein Beauty Revels.

Head of the Nation, Vice President, Diplomats and Others of Note Are Present.

Pension Building Is the Scene of Festivities Designed to Give Golden Tone to the Administration.

Descriptions of Some of the Gorgeous Gowns Worn by Women Famous in Many States.”

So read the headlines of a daily paper, which is very modest in its "display." Reference again to scenes in Babylon may be in place, and similarities will suggest themselves—especially the "golden tone" the occasion "gives to the administration."

We call vice in one man, offensive; if many partake of it, it becomes respectable; when all the people tumble to the racket, we call it popular; then it is that the heresy *vox populi vox Dei*, the voice of the people is the voice of God, sanctifies debauch, and nations fall. *Vox Dei vox populi* is the safer version. "Godly men" and "godly women" were in the giddy whirl, or eye witnesses of it. The speeches on the inaugural occasion were full of that paganism combated by Paul which he arraigned as "counting gain for godliness." It all gave, we repeat, a "golden tone to the administration." The handwriting on the wall will be manifest in the last judgment. Paul speaks of these judgments as examples for our warning on whom the ends of the world have come. A "sample" is to show what is in store. By such samples as are revealed we may know what men, rulers, and nations are treasuring up, against the day of wrath and perdition of ungodly men.

Rulers that call to their counsel nullifiers of law, and punctuate congressional action so as to reverse

righteous legislation, that sons of American mothers may be sots in the name of patriotism, are not promoters of national perpetuity, no matter how much, like Nebuchadnezzar, they may run to expansion and the worship of the *"image of gold."*

In all candor I do wish that some one would print in large letters and frame the First Psalm and hang it where "godly men" who rule in unrighteousness might read it many times a day while the administration is on:

"BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT WALKETH NOT IN THE COUNSEL OF THE UNGODLY, NOR STANDETH IN THE WAY OF SINNERS, NOR SITTETH IN THE SEAT OF THE SCORNFUL.

BUT HIS DELIGHT IS IN THE LAW OF THE LORD; AND IN HIS LAW DOTH HE MEDITATE DAY AND NIGHT.

AND HE SHALL BE LIKE A TREE PLANTED BY THE RIVERS OF WATER, THAT BRINGETH FORTH HIS FRUIT IN HIS SEASON; HIS LEAF ALSO SHALL NOT WITHER; AND WHATSOEVER HE DOETH SHALL PROSPER.

THE UNGODLY ARE NOT SO; BUT ARE LIKE THE CHAFF WHICH THE WIND DRIVETH AWAY.

THEREFORE THE UNGODLY SHALL NOT STAND IN THE JUDGMENT, NOR SINNERS IN THE CONGREGATION OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

FOR THE LORD KNOWETH THE WAY OF THE RIGHTEOUS; BUT THE WAY OF THE UNGODLY SHALL PERISH."

I am sure these words must be counted as good religion; they have been considered by some rulers as "bad politics."

I am writing this on the sixty-second anniversary of my birth in my study in the parsonage of a village parish with the stormiest day of March buffeting our home on all sides, blizzard, and cold without, but comfort and sunshine within; all typical of how cold a world is this, and fierce its buffetings when we insist that that "righeousness which exalteth a nation" shall exalt ours, and that "sin which is a reproach to any people" shall not reproach us.

The years before me are few, and sin is rampant. I would live a thousand years to be on the skirmish line singing the "battle hymn" of Redemption. But "a thousand years, my own Columbia," will find me "mustered out." I prefer now to keep my eyes straight before me. Rum was the first conspirator against our National Gov-

ernment. Rum carried the majority for the next great conspiracy called for dismemberment of the National Union. It is still the conspirator against all law. From the moment the people on the great election day in Jerusalem, (an issue of world-wide significance), were called upon to choose between a candidate who came into the world to save men's lives and not destroy, and one whose business was seditious, and destroyed men's lives, the issue continues the same. "Behold I set before you *Life and Death*." Can anything be more patent than the same old question? As I enlisted to fight treason and die if need be for the *integrity* of the Union, I shall continue to wear my copper button to show my enmity, not only to overt treason, but to that Conspirator who inspired the first and last chapter of our history in treason, *Alcohol*.

No treason against righteousness has ever consented to its own demise on moral grounds. We use moral suasion with those who are endowed with moral convictions. Treason has compelled us to use force to subdue it. Rum and Rebellion are synonymous. We "have not yet resisted unto blood striving against sin," but we will. Any force against rum is to be called resistance. Resistance is necessitated by the aggression of evil. Such resistance is the first law of nature—called self-preservation. *We must ruin Rum or Rum will ruin us.*

One said to me, "Are you not required by your Bible to be subject to the powers that be?" I answered, "Yes, but not such powers as political rum has foisted upon the people." The "powers that be" of which Paul spoke were "a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well." And they were Pagan Roman laws at that, laws that gave rise to a custom that slaves should, on occasion, be made drunk, and parents bring their children out to witness their delirious conduct that a feeling of horror at the thought of intoxicants might ever deter them from strong drink. Of these same Pagans Paul wrote the following:

"When the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves:

Which shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another."

Paul is holding up in justifiable contrast the conduct of these pagans, *to illustrate* how they are accepted before God when those are not who have and hear the law, but do it not. Is it possible that we are chargeable with being without "natural affection?" Do we

as people inure our offspring to the sight of sin and its doings until, instead of violating, we have accepted as an integral part of our government an evil that outdoes the earthquake, war, pestilence, famine and accident for ruin, and count as political godliness a sin that sports its 270,000 recruiting offices, whose grave digger opens a cavity in the bosom of Mother Earth for the reception of a hundred thousand victims, annually, of this monster, the drunkard maker, alcohol?

Put under foot if we will the divine statute that we are our brother's keeper, as surely as Abel's blood cried from the ground against his murderer, so will this array of carnage meet us some day. A pagan child would flee from this sight, but our sons are as necessary to sustain this system as wheat that of a mill.

I have heard old slaves say that for every drop of blood drawn from the back of the bondman by the driver's lash, God would exact the same from the nation allowing it. I verily believe it. The old slave may not have known much of his problem from the arithmetic, but his reckoning from the divine order of things has in it the accuracy of infallibility; our God with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning, hath declared it. We are in the swim of the

inevitable, that must be reckoned along the line of fidelity or infidelity to God and human redemption.

Early in our national life evil men sought to undermine morality as an essential factor in the structure of the civil state. It filled Washington with such concern that he announced as a note of warning that we may well doubt the patriotism of men who deny that morality and religion are essential to national felicity and prosperity.

This is not the place to multiply utterances of immortal statesmen on both sides of the ocean certifying the same truth. But no matter as to the multiplicity of these, the world still listens to any word that abides, left us by Lincoln, the liberator. He asks and answers the question:

“At what point shall we expect the approach of danger? Shall we expect some trans-Atlantic military giant to step the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia, and Africa combined, with all the treasures of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonaparte for a commander, could not, by force, take a drink from the Ohio, or make a track on the Blue Ridge, in a trial of a thousand years. At what point, then, is this ap-

proach of danger to be expected? *I answer: If it ever reach us, it must spring up amongst us. It can not come from abroad. If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of free men, we must live through all time or die by suicide."*

It is likely this is the finish of what my pen may do. When pen shall cease, and voice is stilled, and my presence is found no more among men on the earth, I trust my words abiding in this form may continue to witness to the truth as I should ask God to help me do the truth if I should live on. Rudyard Kipling's Recessional is the cry of my heart.

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!
Amen.

Chapter X.

CONFERENCE IS COMING.

While Timothy Tanglefoot has been but one year in the pastorate as a probationer in the Conference, it ought to have been said that his experience as a "supply" extended over four years preceding this. Practically, he had been in the ministry five years, a period that should have brought with it profitable wisdom. His first work was Chattertown circuit. It was natural, when we consider his youth, that his general administration should take on a schoolish cast. It is needless to say that the people considered the fact that he was a beginner, and that particular charge used expressly for breaking itinerant colts. The patient forbearance of such people scarcely ever receives proper recognition. In matter of talent Timothy did as well as his predecessors. Anyhow the Chattertown Quarterly Conference heartily recommended him as a suitable person to "supply" Hardly circuit. The year on Hardly circuit closed with a maintenance of its standing with increase of member-

ship by letter, the prairie points growing from people moving in. There was also talk of recommending him for admission into Conference, but more thoughtful brethren concluded that further experience would be helpful. From this circuit he was appointed by the elder to Hard-pan station, but a few miles out from the school. Here he remained two years, which were regarded as the "home stretch" of his preparation for his life work, the ministry. He made good grade in his studies, the only friction between him and the congregation he served being a disposition to keep before his brethren the fact that they did not do things as they did at school. They needed the smoothing iron of school the same as he. He seemed never able to see the difference between life as a pastor and life as a college pupil. Indeed, he could not separate the "professor" from the "preacher," and administered accordingly.

He made frequent mention of how the University had taken kinks out of him. The first year with Trymanburg station is now closing. Things are in a tangle, sure enough. What request shall be made of Rev. Fielder, D. D., the Presiding Elder, and through him to the Bishop is difficult to determine.

Certainly, the "faction" that favors the return of Timothy Tanglefoot is not of such material as churches

are built of, though they have a sense of their own importance that this statement would greatly offend. But this does not alter the fact; they are not church builders all the same. As is usual in all such cases, synods, Presbyteries and Associations are embarrassed with their share of such young men. Strong as Tanglefoot was with his following, that following took no interest in the material affairs of the church, and as to spirituality they desired none of it. A burdensome debt of thousands of dollars, should he be appointed elsewhere, will be bequeathed to his successor to look after, and pay off. If he remains, the evil will be increased, for his following were governed by the principle, "We believe in taking care of No. 1, let the church look after its own." Not to have a change will be to face bankruptcy, and to have a change means division, dissension and attendant evils, which means next thing to bankruptcy.

The Fourth Quarterly Conference came 'round and both factions were present, but silent, for neither could relieve the situation. Little by little, the brethren, without official action, which would be sure to precipitate unpleasant discussion, whispered in the elder's ear, "You see our entanglement, get us out of it if you can. For any one to suggest anything is to weave the meshes of confusion more tightly, and so, after good old-fashioned

Methodist style, send us a pastor of your judgment's own choosing, who will cure or kill,—anything to have the agony over,—but send us one who will heal our wound, if you can find such.” The turbulent forces seemed determined on ascendancy. To add to the chagrin of the church in Trymanburg the collections for the various benevolences were a bagatelle, and no thanks to Tanglefoot, that any report appeared at all, for the thoughtful came forward with their offering and love for the claims prevented the church from being entirely blank. When Tanglefoot went to Conference, his ministerial colleagues seemed to wear a smile of satisfaction over triumphs for the Master and his kingdom, but he himself felt that he had not brought with him any fruit from the promised land, no clusters of grapes from the hills and valleys of his Chanaan. The young men of the Conference excelled him in all essential particulars, a thing he did not dream of until he was brought into close comparison with them in their annual reports. As to conversions, he had none to report.

The Bishop and his cabinet decided that it would be fatal to the church in Trymanburg to return him as its pastor, and to send him elsewhere was to impose an affliction on innocent and well deserving people. He

was "up" and "afloat;" about the saddest information that can fall on the ear of an ambitious and aspiring young man, who thinks himself a "star" of first magnitude, whether or not others are like minded. For him not to be in demand was not flattering. It occurred to him that discretion was the better part of valor and accordingly he observed the precept.

Before his destiny is known some reflections intrude themselves. The Rev. Dr. Highlander, to whom reference has been made, was a typical divine with high churchly bearing and general lofty deportment. The only incident that indicated, underneath his otherwise faultless bearing lurked a suspicion that he might still possess a mite of the old Adam, was when the young bovine upset his clerical dignity, when his gravity could hardly be said to be of a religious character.

Timothy Tanglefoot admired this ministerial neighbor very much. And he often remarked to Dr. Highlander how much impressed he had been by his culture and faultless style of preaching. Dr. Highlander smiled his thanks and would be delighted if Mr. Tanglefoot could become more intimately acquainted with his people. It was but a short time before Conference when Dr. Highlander and others of his congregation expressed congratulations for the Methodist people in

having such a minister as Mr. Tanglefoot, so elegant in his bearing, and so scholarly. The young ladies of that following began to repeat in peculiar classic of the late "reception" their admiration. "He is *so* nice," and the young men chimed in with their version, "He's a daisy." One felt that he had not overstepped the bounds of propriety when he said, "He is a dandy." From this starter, the impression was sought to be made that the Methodists didn't appreciate a good thing when they had it, and when Miss Nancy Flippancy emphasized this sentiment it was with an upward nasal angle of 45 degrees.

But it is very safe to judge, on general principles, that if a church of good average piety and intelligence, does not appreciate the service of their pastor, that they know more about him than is wise to mention, however fulsome the praise from other sources. Some good people carry facts in their pockets that are better kept there than divulged. Time cures ills.

It began to be rumored that Timothy Tanglefoot was not far from fellowship in Dr. Highlander's church. One could hardly believe that the only obstacle that prevented was not sufficient antecedents for larger pretentiousness—Tanglefoot himself suggested this in an under tone. Then again it was thought he failed to

make the landing for fear that in his "call" (not yet knowing that he would ever get one), he would drop below the "appointment" that a year ago he had episcopally received. Somehow, the "episcopal idea" relieved him of the embarrassments incident to "candidating." Still he had now been started in the direction of dissatisfaction with his lot, but lacked the frankness or courage, or both, to make the break,—certain old homely sayings such as "out of the frying pan into the fire," intimidated him,—but if he was sure of his landing, namely, that it would be an ascent and not a descent, his scruples would be overcome and he'd make the leap. His scruples were his own, and to say the best, eccentric.

Timothy occupied a position of self-importance that carried with it a secret feeling of surprise that churches were not asking for him. Trymanburg had secured him by request, which, to begin with, was highly complimentary, particularly since he succeeded such tried and true men as Reliabus Plodderman and others of his class. This request for Timothy was accompanied by one for the removal of his predecessor. This compliment thus early was of short duration, since it was never repeated.

One day an anxious member of the Conference but-

tonholed his presiding elder and asked in a confidential way if any of the churches had mentioned his name in connection with their pulpits. The elder, speaking in the ear of the brother, said: "Can you keep a secret?" "Certainly," said the brother. "I will tell you," said the elder, "the state of the case exactly, if you will say nothing about it to any one." "I will certainly keep your confidence sacredly." "Well, my brother, not a church in the Conference has asked for you." That was Timothy's case.

One day Timothy, the Conference year practically closed, lacking a week or two, fell in company with an official in "The Church of the Great Pretension," a vestryman. The regalia of the church captivated him. He had seen the public press accounts of a novice or lay reader by the name of Peleg Longnecker, who was to receive holy orders. He could now explain why great importance had been attached by "The Church of the Great Pretension" to the antiquity of the "chu'ch," and became convinced by a series of lectures that if he wished an "apostolic" ordination, he had found where to receive it. This one thing now possessed him, namely, that the "chu'ch" was in unbroken line of succession from the apostles, and they from Christ. They say the strength of a chain is its weakest link.

No matter that he had now gotten hold of a chain that has lost a link now and then, which would render most any other sort of a chain useless, like Darwin who failed to supply here and there a "missing link" in the evolution of man, move right along all the same and not be confused by trifling things like that; guess at the rest, and work out "succession" all the same.

Though Peleg Longnecker gave to the press a minute account of the whole proceeding of receiving holy orders, Tanglefoot having been an eye witness of the performance, kept his memory fresh by placing in his scrap book the advertisement of it by the press, and now and then referred to it, reading it over and over again. The following serves as a sample of the notice, not like it in every particular, because not quite so striking:

ORDAINED A PRIEST.

A Solemn Religious Ceremony.

REV. PELEG LONGNECKER

Receives Holy Orders

AT THE BISHOP'S HANDS.

"The advancement of Rev. Peleg Longnecker to the holy order of priesthood from that of a deacon was celebrated with great appropriateness and solemnity,

the Right Rev. Bishop Pondorosa, DD. Ph. D., LL. D., F. R. S., officiating. This remarkable service would have taken place in the cathedral of Saint Pomposity, but his episcopal excellency condescended, since it was so decided by 'The Church of the Great Pretension,' and would not conflict with the law of the church, to set the day for its occurrence in the home parish of the newly ordained priest. The congregation was large, and much interest was manifest in the ceremony, and curiosity was also equal to the occasion.

Bishop Pondorosa gave orders for a series of solemn services to precede the event, and to associate with it. Preceded by the usual formalities, all impressive and solemn, the sermon for the benefit of the soon-to-be "Father" Longnecker, was finally preached by a clergyman designated for that duty. *The continuity of the chu'ch*, a favorite theme with the gowned clergy, was the burden of his remarks, in which there was no omission in statement that the 'chu'ch' is descended from apostles down to date, and that 'The Chu'ch of the Great Pretension' might extend to the newly elected rector congratulations that he was now to receive the assurance, then and there, that he was to become a link in the unbroken apostolic chain. The priesthood of the chu'ch was not of man, but of God, and to that office

the candidate had been called and would now be ordained." After a parenthetical service thrown in by way of adding impressiveness, the Right Reverend Jothum Cleverton, rector of the church at Doubleville, said to Bishop Pondorosa, 'Rev. Father in God, I present you the Rev. Peleg Longnecker, to be admitted to the holy order of priesthood.'

"Then followed litany, suffrages, holy communion, taking care to observe closely each item of the *ritualistic* service, taking ample time to exhort and catechise the candidate. After 'Veni Creator Spiritus,' Bishop Pondorosa laid hands with great impressiveness on the head of Peleg Longnecker, saying: 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a *priest* to the church of God, now committed unto thee by the imposition of hands. Whose sins *thou* dost *forgive*, they are *forgiven*, and whose sins thou dost *retain*, they are *retained*. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God and of his holy sacrament; in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.'

"Preceding and up to this moment Peleg was invested in alb with stole and girdle, and at that moment the distinctive vestment of his order, the chasuble, was placed upon him, and he was handed a chalice and paten, and a copy of the holy Bible, as the instruments of his office.

"The *retinue* of visiting clergymen was very impressive, wearing, as the Bishop proceeded with the communion service, white stoles, and the deacons, cassocks of black. The Bishop wore his rochet. The choir was of fifty voices. The men and boys were vested. The ladies wore gray capes with caps of same color," so said the reporter, adding "the ceremonies throughout were very impressive and conducted with great solemnity."*

One is impressed with the conspicuous claim for all this being in the apostolic successional line, but at a loss to know the ground of apostolic claim to so much "outer adornment" when the apostles admonished to the contrary.

All through the account the conspicuous "impressiveness" and "solemnity" related to something on the outside, with not a single allusion whatever to the heart, or internal life. It was all "outward, in the flesh," and Paul would not have found quarters in that company for the doctrine, "He is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the

* The description of Peter Longnecker's ordination is impossible to one not well versed and drilled in the ritualism of the "church;" and that accuracy might be approximated a press account of another ordination supposed to be accurate, is given, changing only the names concerned.

letter; whose praise is not of men but of God." But is it not strange that "heart" is so conspicuously absent, in a service, of all others, claimed by its participants to be apostolic.

After this "solemn" and "impressive" service, the visiting clergymen were provided a splendid banquet at Hotel Gilderly, by the ladies of the congregation. The account goes on to say, "After the banquet, cigars were enjoyed in the hotel parlor,"—we suppose after the true "apostolic" fashion, "impressiveness" and "solemnity," all of which went up in smoke!

But where was Timothy Tanglefoot during this performance? He was present, a deeply impressed witness of it all. Peleg Longnecker's ordination occurred in Trymanburg during the latter part of the week that Timothy's conference was in session. He had heard of it, and after roll call and putting in his reports, he took leave of absence on his own account and returned to Trymanburg to be present at Peleg's "ordination." But before leaving the seat of conference, he intimated to his Presiding Elder that if there was no prospect of advancement, he would ask discontinuance at his own request. He had received flattering intimations from individuals in a prominent church in an adjoining conference that his transfer was desirable, but the authorities could not

see their way clear to make it without afflicting good men of superior claim already of long service.

This was another factor in the disappointment of Timothy's ambitions, which he accepted as a grievance of sufficient magnitude to influence him in the step of changing his ecclesiastical relations. When young men become possessed of the notion, and especially when the notion becomes constitutional, that the church is set for their aggrandizement, the case is not hopeful,—for the young men. So Timothy, with mental tanglement for himself, and nothing absolutely certain for his Presiding Elder, but, “unless you can do this or that,” etc., etc., without the asking, leaves the seat of conference to witness the ordination of Peleg Longnecker to priesthood in “The Church of the Great Pretension.” He witnessed it. The head and tail of the performance might stagger simple hearted people, but for himself he saw no lack of consistency in “The Church of Great Pretension’s” “solemn” and “impressive” service going up in smoke, in tobacco aroma, after the true “apostolic” style!

Chapter XI.

AFTER THE ORDINATION.

After the ordination, and a glance in upon the banqueters and "smoking clergymen," Timothy Tanglefoot descended the hotel exit to the street.

Miss Lillian Simperton, who had been occupying the ladies' lobby unobserved, noticed the departure of Timothy and quietly glided out and put herself by Timothy's side about the time he made his landing on the street. Touching elbows with mutual recognition, they walked along together. The conversation was about after the following fashion:

Timothy—"How did you like the ordination, Miss Simperton?"

Miss S.—"It was *awful* nice."

T.—"Do you know, Miss Simperton, that while I esteem Dr. Highlander very highly, I am fully convinced 'The Church of the Great Pretension' would suit me better."

Miss S.—“Well, now, my dear Mr. Tanglefoot, I have thought you would look so very, very nice in clerical gowns.”

T.—“Can it be that we two have been thinking about the same thing?”

Miss S.—“I do believe we have. Say, Mr. Tanglefoot, I have not heard you say, or even intimate that Mrs. Tanglefoot shares your thoughts about your ambitions, or laudable undertakings. Is she not interested in these things?”

T.—“She’s my *silent* partner, you know.”*

Miss S.—“Does she not commend you in your laudable methods to be popular with the people?”

T.—“She thinks very much of me and will go wherever I go, but she is a quiet, inoffensive, and unobtrusive little body, and thinks I sufficiently represent the family.”

Miss S.—“Well, we young folk, too, think you are it, but the retired disposition of Mrs. Tanglefoot, and

*(The following incident is related of Mr. Choate, U. S. Ambassador to England:

At a dinner he paid his wife a beautiful compliment. Some one asked him whom he would prefer to be if he were not himself. He hesitated a moment, apparently running over in his mind the great ones of the earth when his eyes fell on Mrs. Choate.

“If I were not myself,” he suddenly replied, “I should like to be Mrs. Choate’s second husband!”

never seeing or hearing her name associated with yours in your aspirations, we quite concluded you were the only one in it. But *you're* all right."

T.—"Now you are giving me taffy. If that is what you are up to, remember, that nothing of sweetness will catch this child but Gunther's Best."

Miss S.—"My ma likes to be about pious people, and belongs to their church, but she don't practice it much. She says she likes you, and thought the ordination of Dr. Peleg Longnecker to the priesthood in 'The Church of Great Pretension' perfectly lovely. But, say, Timothy, what made you look *so* sad today? What was it, any how? My ma said she felt *so* bad for you."

T.—"Your ma isn't *bad*."

Miss S.—"Oh, you funny fellow; what a tricky man you are; I didn't mean she was bad, but that she felt *sorry* for you."

T.—"Well, I just kept on thinking about how I'd look in that crowd—and—indeed—I'm *tempted*."

Miss S.—(Becoming sympathetic)—"Tempted to what?"

T.—"To try it myself—get inside episcopal robes."

Miss S.—(Affecting surprise)—"Try what?"

T.—"Anything that comes along, for a change."

Miss S.—"A change of what?"

T.—"Well, I am not, with my present feeling, very particular what it is, so it is a change. I would be delighted to see a little *change* now, and will not be choicer as to whether it is a gold or silver standard, so I can get the *change*—double or single.

Miss S.—"Why, I thought you had a *double*; why do you talk carelessly about a *single* standard?"

L.—"I'm talking about *cash*."

Miss S.—"Oh, I see! Has not 'The Church of the Redeemer' given you a support? What crowds of admiring hearers you have had. I note they occupied the rear seats, largely, and that the front pews were not so full as before your coming to Trymanburg. It would surprise those friends of yours in the distant pews if they knew 'The Church of the Redeemer' had not supported you."

T.—"It seems to me that 'The Church of the Redeemer' has taken a vacation, or better called, an *outing*. Anyhow, it seems as if they were *out* when I was *in*."

Miss S.—"We thought these absentees were pillars, and therefore always supporters of the church."

T.—"They are; but the other day I met Brother Soberton as I was returning from a funeral and when I spoke of the collapse of things generally belonging to church affairs, he took my Bible from my hand and marked a verse, closing the book, and handing it back to me to read at my leisure what he had marked, and then, like a Quaker, meditate upon it 'till the Spirit moved me,' and then walked away."

Miss S.—"I would just like to know what it was that he marked."

T.—"I will show it to you: 'Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness?'"

Miss S.—"I do say! what could old *Sobersides* mean anyhow?"

T.—"I cannot fathom his thoughts, but I am floored. The more I think about it the more I see in it. I think it means what I least expected when I joined Rock Bottom Conference, that I should look to the crowd for compensation to which I gave my service. It was an effective way of saying to me that so far as that particular church is concerned, it did not propose to pay for services not received. I interpreted it by Brother Soberton's mental standard."

Miss S.—“O, dear me! does old Soberton think that *we* are going to support his old church? Not much. Indeed, not *I*.—No, never! If *we* attend service there and *sing* for them, *we* conclude that after *we* have done so much for the church *they* ought to pay the bills.”

T.—“Soberton looks for the congregation I draw, and those whom he would make the text he gave me say, I serve, to look after the matter.”

Miss S.—“That text *does* grow on one. What are you going to do about it?”

T.—“I do believe, Miss Simperton, that you are more interested in me than my own officary; and if you will believe me and trust me, I will tell you a secret I have not named even to my wife, except in a playful way, and then she thought I was jesting. I have had private interviews with persons in ‘The Church of the Great Pretension,’ and they have conveyed my secret to their bishop, to the effect that I am not anyhow very solid with our church, and his episcopal highness has intimated if thus and so were so, that so and so might be so; and so you see I am drifting. This much I have determined on, if my bishop does not give me as good as I have, I’ll cut loose and drift, sure enough. I think I’d make a very respectable piece of driftwood to lodge on some shady

nook or corner of some soft place on the bank of the stream on which I seem to be afloat."

Miss S.—"Do you know I dreamed about that very thing the other night?"

T. (Playfully).—"People generally dream of what runs in their heads."

Miss S.—"May I help you facilitate your planning?"

T.—"You may, but you know there is danger of coming under the ban of the old saying, 'Haste makes waste.'"

Miss S.—"What do you mean by that?"

T.—"This: If I pull out of the church here and now before making a landing. I go without any official backing. Mrs. Hillside, who is a member of our church, but who never contributes to its support because she is so greatly interested in Independency Sunday School, is one of my friends and admirers, and it might be that she, with a few others not in official position, but my very special admirers, would write me a certificate of endorsement and recommendation, and with that document, the moral effect on 'The Church of Great Pretension' will be favorable. It would appear at least that I was held in esteem by my people. It would enable the reporter to say, that when I came to our church in Trymanburg I at

once became popular, and especially so with the young people of the congregation. The certificate need not say, "young people of the *church*," for it is doubted whether the devotedly pious prayer meeting kind would help me much in my undertaking. They might help me *out* of our church, but not *into* 'The Church of Great Pretension.' So, you see, if I say five or six of the members of the *congregation* endorse me, that might include your signature also, and yet appear as officially regular. Do you see?"

Miss S.—"I see; and suppose we play it?"

T.—"But steady, my girl: You see I have reported to my annual conference, and while with my brethren in Trymanburg nothing has been lodged against me, and there is a mutual feeling between us that we will quietly pass over the rumors that are in the air, with the hope that conference will correct all that needs correction, I will hope to get off easy. Then you see, when at conference my name is called, and my elder answers, 'nothing against him,' and the committee reports my good grade from the mid-year examination as a probationer, I go clear on the *record*. The record being made, I can then pack my kit and walk outside the gate. Being at the outer gate I can then put my hand on the bolt, push it back, if I have a mind to, and make my exit. I have

ample opportunity to feel the pulse of the conference brethren, take prospective bearings for the future, and if not up to my standard, I can then make known my request. I will then whisper in the ear of my elder, 'Please ask for me a discontinuance at my own request,' and it will be granted. The functionaries of 'The Church of Great Pretension' can read in the public press that I have discontinued at my own request, and nothing against me is entered on the official proceedings of the conference, and then I can be known as 'available' for other pastures, and I can then 'approach' and be 'approached.' "

Miss S.—"Hurrah for you! I move that your *Alma Mater* confer on you the honorary degree of Doctor of Ecclesiastical Subtlety. I shall watch with interest the progress of the case, and I will be glad to be one of the fifty voice choir, as in Peleg Longnecker's case, that shall sing you into Episcopal robes. And when your coronation is complete we will make the shingles rattle with our 'Gloria Patri.' I believe your scheme will work like a charm. How *solemn* and *impressive* it all will be!—just like Peleg Longnecker! That was just splendid—and to be vested in the alb! with stole and girdle!—and the chasuble to be placed upon you!—and to be handed the chalice and a paten—and a copy of the Bible—all instruments of your office! And that procession of clericals!

and the boys in white!—and you the observed of all observers! And the gray ladies—I mean the ladies in gray!—and the song, ‘The God of Abraham Praise’! And to cap it all, the banquet! Oh! may I attend your plate? Exquisite pleasure! You may be assured of all the attention one weak soul like me can render, for once in your life. And to think after all this, we are assured by constant lectures and sermons that the whole of it is in the apostolic line, that Christ would have it so, and the apostles made it so and so we have it,—and to round up with a rival of Peleg Longnecker in the parlor where cigars of superior quality will be passed, and we will all enjoy them after the genuine old apostolic style! O dear me, Timothy, *do* join ‘The Church of Great Pretension’ and we will flock to your standard like doves to the window.”

When Miss Simperton closed her remarks, half serious, half witty but withal in dead earnest to switch Timothy Tanglefoot off the main line of his former church relation, he accepted her showing of the case in rapt harmony with what he had witnessed in the ordination of Peleg Longnecker to the priesthood, and which he delighted to approve, and as an evidence of his appreciation of her putting of the case waved a salute of thanks for “compliments between the lines.”

Timothy said: "Miss Simperton, I feel as if you were a whole 'official board' by way of your helpfulness; permit me to accompany you to the Restaurant Flushman to sample with you their dainty viands."

They had prolonged their walk after leaving the hotel and by turning corners in their meanderings little of their way lay in the direction of the home of either. She responded to the invitation, "Oh, you are so kind," and with touch of elbow they were soon seen to enter the high-toned restaurant, and with significant nod the caterer-in-chief directed them to a quiet stall from which orders could be sent and seclusion from the vulgar world assured, so that they could proceed with the work of perfecting plans for the future.

The conference side of this programme worked admirably. The "record" had written, "nothing against him," and this being "official," was accepted as a voucher answering all practical purposes. He had made high grade in his studies to which the mid-year examination attested. * * * * * There is a lively sparkling stream in the West which directs its dancing, rollicking course toward a great river, and all indications to the observer are, that it will merge into that stream and contribute its share toward enlarging its current and capacity for commerce and enterprise, but as you follow its

winding way, lo, it ventures across treacherous sands, and what bid fair to give finishing touch to its sparkling beauty by mingling its waters with more mighty forces in the achievements and purposes of man and God, sinks away, and disappears from sight, no one knowing where. If imagination is fruitful, the mind can contemplate this beautiful stream surrendering to the under-tow of attractions that prefer to keep out of the way of ordinary observation, and finding its affinity, in all probability as it also finds its sphere in the muck and mire hidden below the surface of the mighty river and never touched, but to soil and offend. So is it with the life of some who promise well. Brilliant, sparkling intellect, clad in religious garb, competent to perform with great beauty and impressiveness the services of the church. But the heart is far from God, and consecration is wanting. Consecrated selfishness to selfish ends is very marked, and as a religious man with great religious functions to perform, the main impression is a want of seriousness, and pulling the sacerdotal robe aside we behold the cloven foot! Such a life approaches a bar, treacherous in every aspect. Fragments of wrecked vessels protrude from its depths, that have been decoyed to anchorage in its sands and have stranded, and met their ruin. All along the stream of life that bears them upon its bosom come these skip-

ping, dancing rivulets that laugh to scorn the sturdier tide, but all the same, sink out of sight to contribute naught but to memory of great pretentiousness, and shameful failure. It is even so with the sprightly but ill-timed, and badly directed energies and purposes of some men. So disappears the subject of this story. His name may be mentioned; he has made his exit and as to his clerical calling, is no more. Standing upon a hillside that gave a view of a long bridge that spanned the Holston river, a man essaying to cross the hazardous span found the heights more dizzy than his brain could endure and losing his balance, fell to the depths of the turbulent waters below. Spectators on the shore and from the hill-tops saw the place where he went in and under and suddenly disappeared to be seen no more.

Timothy Tanglefoot attempted to cross a worldly bridge to fame. "They that are in Rome must do as Rome does." They that are in the world must do as the world does. His brain could not endure the dizzy height nor its drunken whirl. The passer-by saw the sudden disappearance, and the place where the body entered the stream, but the waves closed over him and where anxious spectators hoped to see him come to the surface where the life boat and its crew could rescue, the undertow carried him beyond their reach and vision. All knew that

he had gone to the bottom. Time passed on, the stream carried him in its relentless current to the gulf, the gulf to the ocean.

A mysterious disappearance awakened inquiry on the part of kindred and friends. He was last seen entering the restaurant, the plate received his compensation for the two meals, a short interview in the parlor, exit, and separation at the street was all that could be known, and that indefinitely.

The wider publicity given the incident developed no tidings of the whereabouts of the missing man. After months of helpless grief upon the part of those who loved him, the patient tides threw upon a foreign shore a body, in stature and attire answering to that swept out into the sea. Could this be Timothy? It was none other.

And Miss Simperton, did you say? She, too, became the toy of the undertow and disappeared from sight, and as to her whereabouts, the future must reveal.

Each sought prominence and found seclusion. There are other graves than those opened for the dead. In such are buried out of sight many a life that might have shone as the stars forever. * * * * * The conference reached its Monday session and the brethren had no further word from Timothy. The parting whisper of the

young man in the ear of his elder that contained the significant "If" was all that this official had, and it alone must serve as a key to Timothy's conference relation, "*Discontinued at his own request*,"—and about the time this announcement was made and conference action accordingly taken, Timothy Tanglefoot was *Discontinued*. Was it a coincidence that the very hour of his disappearance from the ranks of the ambassadors of the cross was the same as that in which he disappeared from public gaze forever?

Many years have passed since the sad occurrences of this biography, and those college-mates that knew the subject of this sketch so well, who never hoped to equal him in gift and brilliancy, are faithful pastors, cheerfully occupying each field assigned them, and some commanding the admiration of the church and world. They have reached their high altitude before God and man by observing the pastoral injunction of Paul to Timothy, "*Keep thyself pure: be not partaker of other men's sins.*"

The reader may say this narrative is wanting in the absence of another chapter, but should it be added it could but intensify the sadness that comes of the closing scene of this gifted young man's life.

Let the curtain drop, and in dropping would that when the scene is shut out from sight it might be closed

to the mental vision forever. We would obscure to both sight and memory the whole picture by introducing another, the true type of which seem never to have had a place in Timothy's estimate of high ideals; we mean "The Pastor's Reverie," by Washington Gladden:

"The pastor sits in his easy chair,
With the Bible upon his knee.
From gold to purple the clouds in the west
Are changing momentarily;
The shadows lie in the valley below,
And hide in the curtain's fold;
And the page grows dim whereon he reads,
'I remember the days of old.'

'Not clear nor dark,' as the Scripture saith,
The pastor's memories are;
No day that is gone is shadowless,
Nor night was without a star;
But mingled bitter and sweet hath been
The portion of his cup;
'The hand that in love hath smitten,' he saith,
'In love hath bound us up.'

Fleet flies his thought over many a field
Of stubble and snow and bloom,
And now it trips through a festival,
And now it halts at a tomb;
Young faces smile in his reverie!
Of those that are young no more,
And voices are heard that only come
With the winds from a far-off shore.

He thinks of the day when first with fear
And faltering lips he stood
To speak in the sacred place the Word
To the waiting multitude!
He walks again to the house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise,
With many whose feet long time have pressed
Heaven's safe and pleasant ways.

He enters again the home of toil,
And joins in the homely chat;
He stands in the home of the artisan;
He sits where the Master sat,
At the poor man's fire and the rich man's feast.
But who today are poor,
And who are the rich? Ask him who keeps
The treasures that ever endure.

Once more the green and the grove resound
With the merry children's din;
He hears their shout at the Christmas-tide,
When Santa Claus stalks in.
Once more he lists when the camp-fire roars
On the distant mountain side,
Or, proving apostleship, flies the brook
Where the fierce young troutlings hide.

And now he beholds the wedding train
To the altar slowly move,
And the solemn words are said that seal
The sacrament of love.
Anon at the font he meets once more
The tremulous youthful pair,
With a white robed cherub crowing response
To the consecrating prayer.

By the couch of pain he kneels, again;
 Again the thin hand lies
 Cold in his palm, while the last far look
 Steals into the steadfast eyes;
 And now the burden of hearts that break
 Lies heavy upon his own—
 The widow's woe and the orphan's cry
 And the desolate mother's moan.

So blithe and glad, so heavy and sad,
 Are the days that are no more,
 So mournfully sweet are the sounds that float
 With the winds from a far-off shore.
 For the pastor has learned what meaneth the word
 That is given him to keep—
 'Rejoice with them that do rejoice
 And weep with them that weep.'

It is not in vain that he has trod
 This lonely and toilsome way,
 It is not in vain that he has wrought
 In the vineyard all the day;
*For the soul that gives is the soul that lives,
 And bearing another's load
 Doth lighten your own and shorten the way,
 And brighten the homeward road.*
 Amen and Amen!

FINIS.

"He who negotiates between God and man,
 As God's ambassador, the great concerns
 Of judgment and of mercy, should beware of lightness in his
 speech.

'Tis pitiful to court a grin when you would win a soul:
To break a jest, when pity would inspire pathetic exhortation:
And to skittish fancy with facetious tale, when sent with God's
commission to the heart.

So did not Paul.

Direct me to a quip or merry turn in all he wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,—
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No! He was serious in a serious cause, and
Understood too well the weighty terms
That he had taken in charge.
He would not stoop to conquer those by jocular exploits,
That truth and soberness assailed in vain."

Appended Reflections Suggested by the foregoing Biography.

Somewhere, by whom the writer has forgotten, it is suggested that fortune, in the third or fourth generation finds its graveyard in vagrancy.

"It is often true," says another, "that rich young men who begin their fortunes where their fathers left off, leave off where their fathers began."

Gladstone said, in an address delivered in 1891: "The laborer has his legitimate, his necessary, his honorable and honored place in God's creation; but in all God's creation there is no place appointed for the idle, wealthy man." The editor publishing the address, adds: "Some of the Tory papers consider such an opinion radicalism of the worst kind."

The *Standard*, speaking editorially of a "baneful folly," says: "We have taught our American boys that they were cut out for congressmen instead of carpenters, for presidents instead of painters and plumbers, for bank-

ers instead of blacksmiths—for a career instead of a calling. With these top-lofty notions the American youth would be slow to enter a trade, and then usually in that sullen and indocile mood which would make him undesirable to the master mechanic. Theodore Roosevelt told the students of Harvard the other day that every young man 'should have ambition to make a name for himself in the world,' and other such exalted and impossible, though quite conventional, nonsense. Suppose every American boy should set out with that ambition—and as a sole, dominating purpose—it would not only be the source of selfish rivalry and endless rascality, but would lead to inevitable failure in all but one case in a thousand. It is poor advice that makes every life a failure but the thousandth. How much more true and sensible was Edward Everett Hale in a recent sermon, when he insisted that 'the humblest manual laborer, equally with his brother man whose career abounds with the highest achievements of the intellect, is a fellow-worker with God.'

"To make a name!" Better learn to make a broom-handle, a horseshoe, or a loaf of bread. The world needs these vastly more than it does names. But make a name for himself. Ah! that shows the selfish, un-Christian character of the ambition here included—an ambition

that stands in the way of the brotherhood of man, of the self-denial necessary to real usefulness, and it is baneful folly that has kept so many of our American youth out of the humble but happy, useful lives of industry."

David H. Wheeler, LL. D., in an article in one of our prominent religious journals, suggests some serious, indeed, startling truths concerning "The Failure of Great Families." He says:

"Why are there not in the world families of Homers, of Virgils, of Shakespeares, of Wellingtons? Why does the blood of two-thirds of the English lords date its famous beginnings this side of the year 1670? Why are great families—of great talents of any kind, always running out?

"The explanation of such facts is probably found in the relations of severe intellectual action to the reproductive powers. This relation is one of hostility—the brain of the great man kills his remote posterity. He may have children, but his children's children will be the last of his race.

"A great mass of observations recently accumulated in France seem to have no other explanation than this—that greatness in a family cannot be sustained, and that the higher the level attained by a founder of a family the

sooner will the family cease to exist at all. The old Asiatic families of sovereigns ran out in this way into idiocy and vanished then under the knife of the assassin; but the decay of fertility is believed, in most cases, to have been as certain as imbecility.

“In making a great mind Nature kills a family more frequently than she founds one. All the vital energy is drawn off into the brain products of a Bacon or a Shakespeare.

“This general principle suggests some consoling reflections. One is that the many are of more importance than the few. The great mind is a flash in the human sky. The world is always made up of many not great. There is no danger that the few great will elbow the many of the world. Great families are a delusion, a practical impossibility—the soap-boiler’s vitality may be pushed up into a genius, but presently the genius is burned out and the soap-boiler’s family has disappeared.

“An aristocracy of high culture, great mental powers, and the arts of authority, never exist for long. When persisted in—such an aristocracy has been a fiction which dissolved as soon as great deeds were demanded of the great grandchildren of great men. A few rare cases of three or four generations of greatness—a few more where signs

of it have appeared after long silence—are due to inter-marriage rather than to the original stock.

“Another reflection of a consoling character is that great fortunes which great ability accumulated are sure to be dispersed again. It requires more ability to keep than to get. *The English aristocracy has lived because it was bolstered up by legislation and arts of entail and by marrying money (and physical vigor.)* The French, German, Italian aristocracy left to itself has well nigh disappeared. The millionaire’s sons, and grandsons, and great-grand sons will scatter his accumulations in a country in which there are no fences about fortunes. And the families themselves will die out—killed off at length by his brain work and the immense strain it put upon his vital powers. We need not fear the growth of rich families any more than we do that of titled families clothed with prerogatives of power. The strain on the brain will destroy the posterity. *It is not a question of inter-marriage with equally luxurious families—but only of the physical decadence that smites the posterity of genius, or rather of a great brain worker.*

“Another consolation is that we need not dread the growth of facility, skill, managing craft, or governing faculty in a particular family. If it be so great as to

monopolize anything that many should have, *it will consume its posterity before they are born.* If some notions of heredity were valid we might picture a commercial world under the control of a few Vanderbilts, Goulds, Stewarts. But in a little while there will be no such people in the world. Other soap-boiler's sons will be climbing up the same ladders of opportunity; but the perfectioning of skill by generations of such men is not possible. All has to be begun again every now and then. *The race is made fair by taking the swift runner out of it. The rule in the case of heredity is democratic. A great gift of brains exhausts a family stock, root and branch; a considerable gift weakens it.* Intellectual power is kept in the great reservoir, and when a large stream flows through a single pipe it destroys the pipe—not at once, but in good time and surely. *Men are more than any one man.* The whole of a race always retains in its loins the great possibilities of it. It never parts with this wealth of possibility except on condition of destroying the special stock that gets the wealth.

“Another comfort is that the sea is full of fish. The gifts we want for the world do not lie in a few families—they are in the sea, though none of the geniuses have left us heir of *their* gifts. We may put out our educational rods with confidence; the sea is full of intellectual power.

It is in the sons of the poor. The great essence of human force is there. The dozen of children crowding about a poor man's table may contain among them the seeds of all kinds of greatness. Wait three generations and they may be, through their descendants, at the top of human endeavor. If we have missed being very great, too, we may reflect that we have left our children a chance for that. And, best of all reflections, if we have found some quiet middle way of life, we may reflect with pleasure that it is doubtless along these middle ways that the balance between the physical and the mental is best maintained. . In poverty and ignorance, the body gets all. In mental glory of power the body is assassinated by the mind. In the middle path, body and mind keep each its rights and joys. There is a solid satisfaction in having enough brain force to serve our generation in its necessary work, and in being under no necessity or enticement that may overwork us and enroll our families among the extinct groups of humanity. Great power is under the ban of God in nature, and he is forever renewing the race from its humbler classes."

It is a delicate matter to discuss the decadence that comes of wealth and its consequent ease. And when eminence comes of literary wealth and reputation that delicacy is the more sensitive, even in the proportion to

mind exceeding material things in value. The delicacy is increased when the reader looks for "proof texts" in illustration of the subject. One will suffice. The children of Dickens are in mind. There seems nothing in their career that indicates that genius is a matter of heredity. The following account is familiar, it having gone the rounds of the press:

"The second son of Dickens was Francis Geoffrey Dickens. And some of us who have mixed in the newspaper life of London and Chicago and Calcutta knew him well, for one must write the sad past tense. Dear Frank Dickens was born in the year 1841—he was the fourth child. In his note-book the novelist wrote: "A plump and merry little chap, this second son of mine."

Poor little chap!

He caught the Fleet street fever and went ink mad; he caught the Dahooley fever and flashed and fleshed and blooded his sword in India; he fought Louis Riel in Canada—ay, and captured Big Bear; he came to Chicago and gambled away his money in a Clark street gambling house; he died one windy, sleety night in a grim little Illinois town—Moline. There he is buried.

But his brother Henry did well; won the second scholarship at Trinity hall at the age of 20 and was

twenty-ninth wrangler in a fair year, when the wranglers were over forty. He is now a successful barrister, with a wife and five children.

And the daughters of Dickens? The oldest is unmarried; the other is Mrs. "Kittie" Perugini, a deservedly well-known portrait painter. Mrs. "Kittie's" fame—if one must be fairly accurate—is a wee, small affair, but then she has done something; she has painted the portrait of that baronet of baccarat, Sir William Gordon Cumming.

Mr. Junior Charles Dickens has three daughters. Two of them run a type-writing establishment off Covent Garden. The third, Mary, is playing small parts in a stock company touring in the provinces.

No—genius is not hereditary."

Moral qualities and not heredity, constituted Jew and Gentile alike, the children of Abraham. This is the basis of noble qualities and achievements. Where there is an exception to the foregoing enunciations, it is so rare that it occasions remark. There are such exceptions and honorable at that. But the fashion of our times is not conducive of greatness. When an American Miss of wealthy holdings prefers a *countless* Count or *ducatless* Duke for hollow title's sake, and is willing to pay mil-

lions to boot with ducats out of her own *count*, simply to maintain a caste, pity the degeneracy from the ancestral brawn, and brain, and character that antedated her heredity. There are *noblemen*—real, sure enough noblemen that walk the streets of every American city that would spurn her estimate of character.

They that are of faith—fidelity—of Abraham, the same are his children. It is not allowable in the moral law for heredity to count for anything except it be first of all the wealth of character that stands for divine standards.

Recent events, events that seem destined to be multiplied, warn us to guard well our heritage of royalty born of personal worth. To a great apostle a slave was a *brother*. Royal was his command when he said, "Honor all Men." Pertinent to this appended phase of the subject we are making some history that furnishes interesting reading. At the risk of the compliment paid by a young lady to her pastor, namely, that she greatly enjoyed his sermons, particularly so much of the same that he gave in quotation, we give Rev. Arthur Edwards' account of "Admiral Sampson's Standard for Promotion," in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of March 6, 1901:

"Admiral Sampson has subjected himself to severe

criticism by objecting to the promotion of a gunner named Charles Morgan to the position of ensign. Gunner Morgan has distinguished himself by his valuable service in the navy, especially in connection with the determination of the character of the damage to the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana, and it was upon his report that the conclusions of the committee of investigation of that horror were based. The secretary of the navy was granted authority, under the pending appropriation bill, to appoint a certain number of warrant officers to the grade of ensign. The board recommended six gunners, among whom was Morgan. Morgan presented his application for promotion to Admiral Sampson in the following letter:

“UNITED STATES TORPEDO STATION,

NEWPORT, R. I., Feb. 13, 1901.

“*Admiral William T. Sampson, U. S. N.:*

“DEAR SIR.—The new bill whereby six gunners are to be commissioned ensigns tempts me to write you, trusting you will pardon the liberty I take in so doing.

“As I served on the flagship *New York* during your command of the fleet you will know whether my abilities, whatever they may be, are of such merit as to warrant me in filling the position of ensign. I would say here that I never use tobacco or liquor in any form.

"If in your estimation I am worthy of this position I should be most grateful to you if you will recommend me to the department. I am, very respectfully yours,

"CHARLES MORGAN, Gunner, U. S. N."

"Upon this application Admiral Sampson wrote the following endorsement:

"NAVY YARD, BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 14.

"Indorsement 1: Respectfully forwarded to the navy department for its consideration.

"2. Mr. Morgan has good professional ability. He also has, which distinguishes him from most other warrant officers, a gentlemanly bearing. If he were to be commissioned as an ensign he would probably compare favorably, both professionally and in personal conduct and bearing, with other officers of that grade as far as his technical education would permit.

"3. It is earnestly to be hoped, however, that the secretary of the navy will not find it necessary to take advantage of the authority which I understand is to be granted him to appoint a certain number of warrant officers to the grade of ensign.

"While it is true that these men are selected from a large class of men of very unusual ability, which dis-

tinguishes them as perhaps the professional equals of their officers as far as their technical education stands, it is also true that they are recruited from a class of men who have not had the social advantages that are a requisite for a commissioned officer.

“It is submitted that in time of peace the navy’s function consists to a certain extent of representing the country abroad, and it is important that the navy’s representatives should be men of at least refinement. While there are perhaps a certain few among the warrant officers who could fulfill this requirement, I am of the opinion that the vast majority of them could not.

“Once they are commissioned they will have the same social standing as other officers, and no distinction properly could be made in extending general invitations. The consequences that would arise from their acceptance might not redound to the credit of the navy or the country which the navy represents.

“I do not mean to detract from the sterling worth of the warrant officers of the navy. I merely mean to suggest to the department that, unfortunately for them, they have been deprived of certain natural advantages, and in consequence their proper place is that of leading

men among the crew and not as representatives of the country in the wardroom and steerage.

“4. I request that this may be brought to the personal attention of the secretary of the navy.

“W. T. SAMPSON,

“Rear Admiral U. S. N., Commanding.”

“There are others who have held the views here expressed by Admiral Sampson as to the recognition of those who have not had social advantages. An Englishman residing in Springfield, Ill., in 1860, was a man after Admiral Sampson’s own heart. When he was informed that the Republican National convention in session at Chicago had nominated Abraham Lincoln for president, he exclaimed in amazement: “What! Abe Lincoln for president of the United States? A man who buys a 10-cent beefsteak and carries it home himself?” The American people elected Abraham Lincoln commander-in-chief of the United States navy, but under the social code of Admiral Sampson he should not have risen to even so high a position as ensign.

“There have been several other commanders-in-chief of the navy of the United States who should not have held even the position of ensign. One of these was Martin Van Buren, who was born of parents so poor that

his father hewed a cradle out of a log in which the future president was rocked to sleep. Another was Andrew Jackson. He not only had no social advantages, but even while president was so ignorant of what was "good form" that he smoked a common corn-cob pipe in the White House. Another was Andrew Johnson, who not only had no social advantages, but no schooling, except the instruction he received from his wife. Still another was J. A. Garfield, a canal-boat mule-driver, whose first act after his inauguration as president was a violation of all rules governing good society—kissing his dear old mother in public. As to naval officers representing this country abroad it would be exceedingly humiliating for Admiral Sampson and those who endorse his standard to be invited into the presence of the president of France, whose peasant mother still lives.

"Of course Admiral Sampson aims to establish a distinction in the navy between those who are "gentlemen" and those who are not. The term "gentleman" is of very wide range and it has been difficult so to limit its meaning as to definitely define it. An authority writing in the London *Spectator* defines a gentleman as one who must be at least three generations removed from trade. This would necessarily exclude Admiral Sampson himself, for his father was a small farmer and has been er-

ronciously declared to have been a day laborer. The only American we know of who could meet this condition is Mr. William Waldorf Astor, whose great grandfather, by trading in skins, laid the foundation of the great fortune which the great grandson possesses; but having reached the point which, under the English code entitled him to be recognized as a gentleman, Mr. Waldorf Astor shook the dust of America from his feet and sailed for England, hoping there to be recognized as a gentleman. To some minds, however, the definition of an Irishman that "a gentleman is a man that never did a hand's turn for himself or anyone else." is more nearly correct; but this would not apply to the officers of the American navy.

"We incline to the opinion that Admiral Sampson has not yet found the exact point where should be drawn the line in promotion; and attention now having been called to it, the temper of the American people seems to indicate that if the line were drawn where it should be it would not prevent the humblest sailor from rising to the highest place, provided he has skill, ability and courage, even though he may not be able to shine in society. A true gentleman is one who does and says the kindest things in the kindest way—and this comes from

the heart, not from attendance at balls and like social functions."

"Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits." Why? God declares that in any invidious distinctions made by men that he will take their undue renderings in his own hands: "I will judge between cattle and cattle." If our instincts go out in the direction of "pushing" our brother, no matter how humble, we may expect the Judge of all to list us as "cattle."

Who shall judge a man from manners?

Who shall know him by his dress?

Paupers may be fit for princes,

Princes fit for something less;

Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket

May beclothe the golden ore

Of the deepest thought and feeling—

Satin vest could do no more.

There are springs of crystal water

Ever welling out of stone;

There are purple buds and golden,

Hidden, crushed and overgrown:

God who counts by souls, not dresses,

Loves and prospers you and me,

While he values thrones the highest

But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That your meanest hinds are men;
Men by honor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills;
There are feeble inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills,
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
While to him all famed distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice;
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifteth up his voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,

Sinks oppression with its titles
As the pebbles of the sea.

What would be profitable as a parting word? "Ha, ha, ha," one laughingly remarks, "a story begun and ended by a funeral procession!" Well, what of it?—from dust we came, and to dust we return. Will the one who makes merry at this story say he is not in such a procession?

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men,

Teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world;

Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ;

Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

These things speak, and exhort, and rebuke with all authority. Let no man despise thy youth."

If the last word should be to young men what better than the utterances of that Wisest Man?

“Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.”

* * * * *

“Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment.

Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity.”

Therefore, “Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.”

But if the last word is spoken to men of eminence what better than the exhortation of JEHOVAH:

“THUS SAITH THE LORD, LET NOT THE WISE MAN GLORY IN HIS WISDOM, NEITHER LET THE MIGHTY MAN GLORY IN HIS MIGHT, LET NOT THE RICH MAN GLORY IN HIS RICHES:

“BUT LET HIM THAT GLORIETH GLORY IN THIS, THAT HE UNDERSTANDETH AND KNOWETH ME, THAT I AM THE LORD WHICH EXERCISE LOVING KINDNESS, JUDGMENT, AND RIGHTEOUSNESS, IN THE EARTH: FOR IN THESE THINGS I DELIGHT, SAITH THE LORD.”

In our home, a beautiful singer passed away. Her heart and voice were in tune with divine melody. Tearful eyes of thousands who heard her in camp and grove will never be forgotten. It was her last appearance before the larger public, and “CHRIST IS ALL” was the song she sang. Christ was “all in all” to her.

But once more did I hear that voice in song and that before an audience of which I was pastor. If I mistake not it was her last attempt to sing. Heaven was in her face and voice. The key was taken from the blessed experience that Christ was “all in all” to her, but this time she sang as none but such can sing:

“If I were a *voice*, a *persuasive* voice,
That could travel the wide world throu’,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true;
I would fly, I would fly over land and sea,
Wherever a human heart might be,

Telling a tale or singing a song
In praise of the right and blame of the wrong;
I would fly, I would fly, I would fly,
I would fly over land and sea.

If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair;
I would fly, I would fly over crowded town.
And drop, like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again;
I would fly, I would fly, I would fly,
I would fly o'er the crowded town.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the earth around,
And wherever man to his idols bowed,
I'd publish in notes both long and loud,
The gospel's joyful sound;
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way,
Bidding the sadden'd earth rejoice,—
If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly, I would fly, I would fly,
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day."

Soon after this her marvelous voice was needed among the angels. She lingered for weeks but could only converse with mortals in a labored whisper. As the struggle went on with the soul to break away from

its earthly cage she could write what she could not speak, and the last words penned by the hand that would soon play on the golden harps was this verse from *Victor Hugo*:

“Let us be like a bird,
A moment delighted
Upon a twig, that sings,
He feels its sway,
But it sings on unaffrighted,
Knowing that it hath wings;”

Then handing the book to a brother standing by, said: “*That is the way with me.*”

A short time after this the twig upon which she delightfully sang without affrighting, broke, and she flew away, for she had wings. “She was not, for God took her.” She had risen on her elbow as if in attempt to rise, and stopping there, looked into the skies as if she saw the approach of some friend, and as she gazed her eyes increased in brightness, and her lips moved as if she would utter her favorite greeting on hearing good news, “I am so glad,” and then as if to break out in the laughter of a gladsome greeting, lay down upon her pillow while her soul was kissed away.

O let us live the life of the Righteous; then and only then will their end of glorious reward be ours.

Would that the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes might inspire all:

“Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine own outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.”

THE END.

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